

C. 21 references
7 pp 22 up

C-60
~~7~~
Tongs

Imp' + v-S.
Yes in
like

gives some information as
to working of Tongs -
brings out that leaders
were owners of whore-houses
+ gambling joints. Wld
be interesting as study
of pressure groups

L. is a member of a powerful Chinese Tong in San Francisco. Why he joined this kind of organization, he himself does not know. He had been a member since he was twenty years old. He would never have thought of withdrawing from his Tong in the past. It is an integral part of his life history. It is too late now for him to consider severing his relation with this notorious institution. He would properly feel lost without it. L. knows very little about the origin of these Tongs. He is not a student of either history or sociology. When he came to this country ten years ago, the Tongs were already on the road to decline. Not only the days when Chinese threw hatchets at each other in the dark alleys on an appointed date are now gone, but even the days when Chinese shot one another by surprise are now growing scarce.

L. was forced by pressure to join the Tong. He was a restaurant owner when he first arrived in this country. He operated a little restaurant in a small town near the Sacramento Valley. The valley was the sphere of influence of the fore-mentioned powerful Tong. At first he remained indifferent toward the whole matter. After all, he was running a respectable business, and there was no need of depending on this or any other Tong for protection. But, a little later on, he found things quite different.

A year later, he went into partnership with a friend by the name of Y.Y. who was not a member of a Tong, but he came from a very big and powerful family. Besides, his folks were in control of many

important organizations in the coastal cities. After a year of partnership, L. found that Y. had not been honest with the accounts, and there was a big deficit in the books. He was asked to pay out some six hundred dollars to cover his part in the deficit. He knew that he was cheated, and it looked as if the case had to be brought before the American Court. But certain black forces warned him that he had better not risk his life by taking the case up with the American court. They told him that he must solve this problem in some Chinese arbitration body. But what chance had L.? He was a nobody while Y. was a man "with a big word carved on his forehead" (meaning that he had important connections with the Tongs and other ruling bodies). He could foresee his defeat clearly. The only thing left for him to do was to join in one of the opposite Tongs and with their backing, hope to fortify himself against this coming injustice.

"But didn't you know that once you got into this kind of a trap you would never be able to get yourself out until it was too late?"

L. replied in no uncertain terms. "For the sake of saving a few hundred dollars I have imposed upon myself a much heavier burden."

This is absolutely true. For once you have relief from a Tong, you would not be able to get going one iota without it. When you rely on a Tong to solve a dispute, you can't help making enemies, and the minute you are without it, your enemies will immediately revenge themselves on you. It is just like the american gangsters, there is

no way for you to quit. Not only your enemies would take the opportunity to make you pay, but the very Tong you were a member of would make it highly difficult for you to "resign".

It does not take a great sum to pay for the initiation in a Tong, but it will cost you ten times as much to leave it. It costs you but scores of dollars to obtain membership, but it will take hundreds of dollars or more to get out. This is done very easily. In answering to your request for withdrawal, they simply hand you a bill of several hundred dollars, claiming that you have owed it to the organization. You have to either pay it or prepare to be "put on the spot", or you are prohibited to make any business dealings.

Again, it would not be easy for one to stay in the Tongs. I. put it in the following manner: "Once you belong to the Tong, you are too responsible for the actions of thousands of your "tong brothers", and this is not a simple matter. You know, among your fellow tong men, there are people of all shades and colors, and chiefly those belonging to the under-world. It was not infrequent that a hot-headed tong man would draw his pistol and shed blood over a single argument or a single harsh word. And it was too often that people of powerful backing would try to take advantage of the others over a woman, an opium deal or a gambling squabble. In any case it would mean war-fare. The higher-ups of a Tong, of course, have very little fear. They are rich and thus able to buy

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security. We are the small men, and thus we are always open to the attack of the enemies. During the past years, I have been forced to close up my place and leave the town many times. It means great losses and sometimes even complete bankruptcy. But that was far from being the limit, for the after-effect of a Tong War is even more terrifying. Hundreds of thousands of dollars have to be spent for attorney fees, for court expenses, in order to obtain the freedom of those tong "fighters" who have been arrested for murder. Other thousands will be spent on carrying on the tong war-fare. Every tong member afterwards must pay a part of this expensive bill. If you are unable to pay, then you owe a debt to the Tong; And you must pay your debt to the Tong if you value your life at all."

"Who are the chief beneficiaries in the Tong then?", I asked with great curiosity.

"Why, who else would be if not the kings of the gambling house and of the white-slavery establishment?" L. answered without the least hesitation. "They are the ones who depend chiefly on force and violence to maintain their "easy-money" making enterprises." "The organization of such Tongs is not a Chinese product, that is, the funny part of it", said L. "Like the famous Chop Suey, it was a child born of this country. I am sure if I had not come to this country I would never had had to join such an organization."

L. also described one of his exciting experiences to me personally. "It was more than twelve years ago, one day in the summer,

when I was called to a meeting of the high council of the Tong. A Tong-War was in the making. In the center of richly decorated Tong headquarter, a long table was placed. The alter in front of "Quan-king" (a Chinese heroic god) was fully lighted with an unusual number of candles. The elders of the Tong together with the "fighting hands" of the Tong sat solemnly by the long table. Scores of pistols were lying dazzling in the center of the table. Beside them there were some photos and a set of "fortune sticks". There was nothing mysterious. The leaders went about their business with calm but grim faces. First, all the "gunners" were put under oath. To each of them a pistol was assigned together with \$20.00 cash. Then a list of names was revealed, headed by the most prominent members of the opposite Tong. Names appearing on this list were those who were chosen to be the "picked victims". When a name was called out, all the "gunners" would go to the "fortune stick set" and draw out their lucky sticks. The one getting the lucky stick would be responsible to get his victim the best way he knew how. Of course, the Tong would give him assistance. He would be given a certain amount of information, a photo of the supposed "victim" and some added travelling expense, the latter depended chiefly on the whereabouts of your "fish" or "pie". For a "big pie", one would sometimes get a reward as high as \$500 or even \$1,000 and a lot of glory with it. Then the whole gathering would retire. Communications

would be maintained through telephones and telegrams up until the day of the out-break and even afterwards. I agreed to share part of the expenses and another assignment."



9 pp.

U.S.A.

Lotten's
Money for marriage
Entry of wife

Yes!
—
attitude of
intercourse
let in u. s.

A few weeks ago while strolling along the streets of Chinatown, looking in the shop windows, near the pay-off headquarters of the China lottery, I noticed some boxes of Chinese jasmine tea on display. Stopping and stooping over to read the labels in an effort to ascertain their place of origin, I was accosted by a young Chinese man who was lounging bareheaded in the open doorway of the shop. "What are you looking at?" he inquired. I answered, "This jasmine tea". "That's good tea, do you want to buy a box?" he asked. "Hell, no!" I came back at him, "I am a tea buyer myself in China. We ship a lot of tea like this to our customers. I was just looking to see if it was Foochow, Formosa or Canton tea". This exchange of courtesies led to his coming out of the doorway and standing beside me to engage in what proved to be a very interesting conversation.

As the day was warm and I was thirsty from my walk, I suggested that we go inside and have something to drink. He led the way, and as is always the case, the hawk-eyed old Cerberus that keeps watch in the front room of these places inquired in Chinese who I was. The boy explained. For lack of anything better we drank bottled soda-pop. The old man started to set out the usual dirty glass, smeared with the unwashed use of days or weeks, but the young man rebuked him

and seizing it, took it in behind where he gave it a rinse under a faucet, returning it in practically the same stained condition as before. I was grateful [however] for the gesture of respect anyway.

As I could see that the old man was still uneasy about my bonafides, I pulled out my wallet and exhibited to him and the young man the photographs of my Chinese wife and small four-year old son. After some sundry details of my life in China to show to them that I had actually lived there and to gain their confidence, we went on with our conversation. On this particular day, the subjects we discussed were mainly the workings of the American Immigration laws and regulations, particularly as differentiating between China-born Chinese and those born in America, also attitudes of American-born Chinese men to marriage with American-born or -raised Chinese girls. On a subsequent day we got onto the subject of the knowledge of Chinese geography, culture and general Chinese information of American-born or -raised Chinese young people. As I do not retain clearly in my mind just what points were brought out on each separate day, I will describe them all together as they occur to me as I write.

First, I will mention the set-up of the meeting on the second day. Some two months had elapsed. I had often looked back with appreciation on the first conversation and contem-

plated seeing this young man again in order to work up enough material to justify writing a sketch about him. However, as I wanted to get other sketches in Chinatown, I did not want to make myself too conspicuous and thus awaken their suspicions and bring about consequent clamping-up. For this reason I delayed for several weeks my passing along this street again. In order to provide a reasonable story for my presence there on this day I first went by a street in an American neighborhood to a water-front old-time saloon, the scene of Jack London's early attempts to convert himself from a bum into a literary man. After viewing the Londoniana, old furniture and fixtures, photographs, wall decorations, etc., retained from London's day, and conversing with the son of the man who ran the place in those days, I proceeded along the street which led directly from this saloon to the shop of the young Chinese subject of this sketch.

Just after entering Chinatown I encountered another young Chinese with whom I had conversed on sundry occasions without getting enough material to justify a sketch. In answer to his question, I explained my visit to the water-front resort. As we happened to be near his place of business, I asked him to take me inside and show it to me. As my material on his case is now about at the writable stage I shall soon make him the subject of a sketch. He is in the slot-machine racket, a re-

pair man of these machines. Leaving this place after some conversation with various attendants, I proceeded up the street again.

Nearing the shop I was seeking, I was at first puzzled to identify which one it was, as the place I had in mind as being it, had a large crowd of Philipinos lounging in front instead of the Chinese I expected to see. Running my eyes up and down the street trying to get my bearings, I decided that I had not made a mistake and checked up by peering in the doorway, this time closed, and saw the old man before mentioned. Not liking to crowd through the Philipinos I turned away and then for the first time noticed my young Chinese friend leaning up against the side of a parked motor car, regarding my puzzled antics with a grin of amusement. Feeling much relieved I went up to him and explained that the presence of the Philipinos had confused me and asked what they were hanging around his place for. Although no doubt they were waiting to mark their lottery tickets or had just done so, he informed me that they were waiting for some bus which took them out to some Emeryville resort. Again I explained, in answer to his question, how I came to be passing along this street. He seemed to be posted on London's works and quizzed me to some extent about various works of his, evidently to ascertain if I were lying to him about where I

had been. Having acquitted myself on this score, I was amused by his next remark. It was: "That's the difference between your people and mine; when my people get to be your age, they want to loaf around and take it easy, while the Americans, even when they get your age still run around trying to see new things and find out new ideas." While I did not get much pleasure out of his evident idea that I was no longer young, I appreciated his estimate of my mental curiosity.

To get on with the topics we discussed in both our conversations, I will take up first the immigration regulations, etc. He informed me that as he had been born in America, he was counted by the law as an American citizen and thus prevented from taking advantage of the provisions allowing a Chinese merchant to bring into America a wife from China. While his brother, born in China, was free to go to China, marry and return home to California with his wife to lead a normal life here, he (the subject of this sketch) was condemned if he wanted to marry, either to marry a girl already here in America or to go to China, marry there, with two subsequent alternatives: remain in China with his wife in a country about which he knew practically nothing and had no desire to live in, or to leave his wife in China and content himself with seeing her at intervals of years, whenever he

was able to make or afford enough money to make the expensive trip to the Orient. As to marrying a girl born or raised in America, he wouldn't do it on a bet. All the girls here think about is money and going out and making whoopee. Whether they were poor or rich, it was the same; even if they didn't have a penny themselves, nor their fathers either, they expected any boy who wanted their company or hand in marriage to spend money like a millionaire. Over in China it was different. There a girl, if the boy had money, was glad. If he didn't, it was just the same; it didn't make any difference to her. I said to him, "What are you talking about, sing-song girls or family girls?" "Any kind", he replied. I laughed and said, "You got the wrong idea there: sing-song girls want the dough before smiling."

He then modified his statement to apply only to family girls. I said to him, "Have you ever been in China? I think you are still somewhat off the track." He made some answer, but I am not sure at the present moment whether he has actually made a trip to China or not. I continued, "As regards your main idea that the girls in China are more likely to make satisfactory wives than those raised in America, I am inclined to agree with you. But as regards the money side of marriage, how about the arranged marriages and the payment of money that the groom must make to the parents of the bride

before marriage?" "Oh, that idea is old fashioned now. Only people with no knowledge of the world do that any more. The revolution did away with those mediaeval ideas. The girls are emancipated now, they won't let their parents take any money for them in marriage." "Well", I answered, "I don't know how it is in Canton (Kwantung); maybe the revolutionary ideas got that far there. But if so I am afraid that the girls won't be so docile and housewifely as they were before. Also in the Chinese population where I have been living and from which my wife comes, this no-marriage-money idea has not penetrated lower than the upper crust of millionaires and intelligensia. Even there the money is paid over by the groom but is supposed to be all expended on the wedding festivities and none retained by the bride's parents."

The mention of the revolution, prompted him to ask me if Communist uprisings of 1932 and 1933 had touched me. I described the perturbation of various clerks and coolies in my company, whose wives and families were living in the hinterland villages behind Amoy and Foochow, up to which points the Kiangsi troops had managed to make their way before being stopped by Hankin forces and threats of foreign gunboats and destroyers in Amoy and Foochow harbours. I had used the term "Reds" in place of "Communists" in this description. My young friend thereupon remarked, "Those weren't Reds." "Sure

they were," I countered, "they were part of the Kiangsi army." "They aren't Reds. The newspapers called them that, but they weren't." "Well," I answered, not wanting to get into a political argument with him, "they were farmers who didn't have enough to eat." He let the subject rest with that. At the time of this conversation I was not well posted on the subject of the Kiangsi Communist government, but since then I have been reading CHINA'S RED ARMY MARCHES by Agnes Smedley. On some future occasion I shall try to ascertain just what was his idea in saying that the Kiangsi people were not Reds, whether the Cantonese have some idea that the Kiangsi set-up is different from their own brand of ideas, or whether he was just testing me to see what my definition of a Red was.

While we stood talking in the street, the young slot-machine man, ^{mentioned above} ~~above mentioned~~, came along and stopped for a word. When he had passed on, I told my friend of my first talk with the other young man, at which time he had made the ridiculous statement to me that Canton belonged to America and when I laughed at him, changed it and said it belonged to Russia. When I asked my friend what was his idea of the reason for such a silly statement, he answered, "Aw, he was born in America; he thinks he is a regular American; he don't want to know anything about China. Lots of these American-born

fellows are the same way. We tell them they are fools, that the Americans don't give a dam about them, won't consider them Americans, and that they had better play along with the Chinese, but they think they are better than their parents and won't let their parents tell them anything about the old country. As a result they make such crazy statements as that."

VIII Tales Composed in California

The Tragedy of the Seventh Day

It was in this manner that my friend Jung, the son of my Uncle Quan met his death, a death which started its fatal course on the seventh day of the Chinese New Year, the birthday of Men. And although Jung did not die till the tenth day of the New Year, the birthday of the Robber, all his relatives and friends ascribed his death to what occurred on the fateful birthday of Men.

It all happened like this. My aunt Quan was one of the most superstitious women in town and during the New Year's celebration she was doubly so, being very particular about our manners, our duties, our speech, and the correctness of our behavior.

Jung, her eldest son, was, on the contrary, very modern in speech and manner and he always scorned the strange customs and observances of the old mother country.

I remember very well how, one time, when I was out in the street playing with him, he said to me, "Ming, I wish my mother was like yours. Your mother does not have small feet and she does not dress herself up in the old Chinese clothes. My mother is so old-fashioned that sometimes I feel ashamed of her."

And Jung's face would take on a disgruntled and hurt expression.

"You mustn't speak like that about your mother," I told Jung, "after all, she came from China, and you were born here in America."

"I know," Jung said, "but your mother came from China. Look how much she has changed."

"I guess your mother is a little slow in adopting western customs," I said to Jung.

Jung was twelve years old then, and I was eleven, and many times he and I talked about China and how someday, perhaps, we would go back to the old country together to visit our native land about which we had heard so much.

My aunt Quan had two children, both boys. They were so different that no one would have ever known that they were brothers. In looks, in speech, in the way they acted, they were miles apart.

My aunt Quan used to say to mother, "Although Jung is always quarrelling with me nevertheless I like him better than Hoi. Hoi is so much afraid of people. He will never get anywhere in the world like that."

My mother would then say, "But Hoi is small, when he grows up he will lose his fear of people. All small boys are like that. When my King was small, he

was just like your Hoi."

My aunt Quan and my mother were very close friends, almost as good friends as were Jung and I.

Jung died on the birthday of Robber. It was a tragic year and it all started because of aunt Quan's superstitious beliefs. Perhaps that is not true but, somehow, I still cannot shake that idea from my mind.

I remember everything connected with that celebration very well, every day of the New Year, and especially that seventh day when Jung came into our house and precipitated the event that was to foreshadow his death, at least according to my aunt Quan.

It was on the New Year's eve that Jung took me into his bedroom, a very small room near the end of the house, and showed me the red papers on the walls.

"This is what I mean," he began, his face pained at all the bother that accompanied the New Year, "all this fuss and nuisance. Every single year my mother puts these mottoes in my room, a small orange under my bed and a dime wrapped in red paper under my pillow. I'm too big for that sort of thing. Your mother doesn't do that to you, does she?" Jung suddenly demanded.

I answered, "No, no[↑] anymore."

Jung felt ashamed suddenly, looking around the room, feeling thoroughly uncomfortable.

"I used to like the New Year," he explained, "but now everything seems to be the same year after year. I wouldn't mind it if I didn't have to do all these various things. And my mother is so particular about everything. Why, last year she locked me up in my room because I happened to say something that wasn't the proper thing to say.

I looked at Jung. He was in tears.

"I guess your mother is a little particular, Jung," I told him.

Then we went out of the room, and into the kitchen to watch my aunt Quan prepare the side for the night.

Aunt Quan was busily engaged in the kitchen, her hair falling down in uneven streaks across her brown face, her apron loosely tied on her thin body.

"Well, Ming," she said, lighting the gas with a match, "why aren't you here helping your mother to prepare for the New Year?"

"Mother isn't planning anything elaborate this year," I told my aunt Quan.

Aunt Quan said, "Your mother is getting just a little too modern now. But your mother has always been

like that ever since I can remember."

Aunt Quan moved across the kitchen with her quick steps, carrying bowls of water and fancy Chinese foods to the stove.

"Why don't you stay for the midnight jide," aunt Quan suggested. "Your uncle can take you home to-night."

"I'll have to phone mother," I said.

I went outside the hallway and phoned my mother.

"Mother says that I can stay," I told my aunt Quan as I came into the kitchen again.

"Fine," my aunt Quan said, "You and Jung can help me decorate the tables tonight, and help me fold the lay shee."

And then she went about her duties of preparing the special dinner for that night.

When aunt Quan finished her work she came out of the kitchen tired, the perspiration streaming down her face, in long pools of water.

Aunt Quan cleared the parlor table, put on a new oilcloth with red flowers painted on it, and arranged three cups of wine, three cups of rice and three pairs of chopsticks. She took a large coffee-can filled with sawdust, and in it she put three large red wax candles, and what we call "longlife" punks. Then she

went quickly into the kitchen and came out with a large steaming hot chicken which she put in the middle of the table.

Then she took up some golden papers, trimmed with designs and lit them with the flame of the good luck candle.

I stood near the corner of the room watching my aunt Quan with eager eyes. I remembered my mother doing the same thing many years before.

Jung too watched but with an uninterested expression. He had seen her do it many times, and it was tiresome to have to see it again.

My aunt Quan twirled the burning papers around the room, and then gently let them down in a pan on the floor. She watched the papers burn slowly and darken into ashes. "Hoi," she called out, "Hoi, come here!" Hoi, all dressed up in his new clothes, came rushing into the room. My aunt Quan made Hoi bow his head in front of the table and she murmured something that I could not hear.

Seeing this Jung went outside. I followed him.

"She won't make me do that," he told me.

"It does look kind of strange," I told him.

"I guess my mother never will change," he said sadly, looking away into the distance.

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Aunt Quan's voice called out, "Jung, Hing, come in and help me with the tables."

Jung and I got up and went into the house. Aunt Quan was putting black and red melon seeds in delicate Chinese bowls. Hui was filling the other dishes with melon, candy and lichee nuts. Aunt Quan handed me the filled dishes.

"Arrange them neatly on the table," she told me.

The double layer Chinese lilies were already on the table, stately and really magnificent in their queer but fascinating Chinese bowls.

"We have the double layer kind too," I said to my aunt Quan.

"Ah, yes," she said, "they are the good luck kind."

Uncle Quan came home just then and he greeted me with, "Well, well, Hing, you are here. Why are you not home helping your mother?"

"She can manage alone," I answered, "and I'm staying for the midnight jide."

"Your aunt makes the best jide in the world," Uncle Quan said.

Aunt Quan was sitting at the table folding small pieces of red paper and wrapping up quarters and fifty cent pieces in them.

"You must come with your mother tomorrow, and I'll give you one of those lay shue," aunt Quan told me.

Later that evening uncle Quan came out of his room with a whole stack of red papers, and he wrote many good luck mottoes on them about prosperity, good fortune and greetings for the New Year.

He pasted two or three of them in each room.

I noticed that the windows and floors had been cleaned the day before and I also knew that my aunt Quan would lock up her brooms and dustpans this evening before she went to bed. She did it every year and she would not take them out until after the birthday of Men.

I remembered once asking aunt Quan why she did it.

She answered, "New Year is a time of good fortune. All the dirt and things that have accumulated on the floors are signs of money and fortune. One must not sweep up money."

Midnight was drawing near and the rice and jide were about ready to be served.

Aunt Quan was talking to her children, "I want both of you to call everyone by their right names tomorrow."

"Tomorrow is the New Year, and you must be polite. When anyone comes, you must serve tea and be sure to offer it with both hands. You must pass the sweet melon

candy and the black and red melon seeds. When you give them to the guests, remember to say, 'Won't you gather some gold dust?' To the men you must pass cigars and cigarettes. When you offer tea, also offer the slices of thin coconut candy for the guests to sweeten the tea. And also wear your new clothes."

Jung listened to all this in a sort of dreamy disgust.

"And, remember, no fighting tomorrow," uncle Quan put in.

Midnight was approaching rapidly. Aunt Quan set the kitchen table, arranging the bowls and chopsticks. The odor of cooked food filled the kitchen air. I felt very hungry. At exactly midnight aunt Quan called us in and we seated ourselves at the table while she brought forth the jide. There were bamboo shoots, bean sprouts, dried bean cakes, black silky delicacies and many other ingredients all cooked in one tempting mixture. We all had a big bowl of rice as well.

"Do you eat jide with your family?" my aunt Quan demanded of me.

"We have that tomorrow morning," I told my aunt.

We ate in silence.

After we had eaten my uncle Quan took me home.

"Come tomorrow," he said in parting.

"I will, uncle Quan," I said. I entered into the darkened house and went to bed. . .

Then the first day of the New Year arrived, the birthday of the Chicken. I remember that it dawned dark and grey, and that heavy rain clouds clustered in the distance, threatening to rain on this first day of the celebration.

I remember that I woke up weary and completely tired, having gone to bed late the night before, after twelve. The sky was grey and dreary exactly as it had been year after year. Somehow the first day of the New Year is always dark and solemn.

I came downstairs all dressed up in my new clothes. Mother was wearing her long silk robe, her face all powdered and rouged with fresh colors. She looked much younger, the new clothes and makeup making her much more beautiful than usual.

"Happy New Year, mother," I greeted her.

Mother took out a fifty cent piece, wrapped in red paper, and handed it to me.

"And here's one from your father," she said, handing me another one.

"Thanks, mother," I said.

On the table there were two bowls of oranges, arranged in a very neat design. And also there were two

dishes of melon seed. We had nothing elaborate like my aunt Quan.

Mother said to me, "Be ready to go over to aunt Quan soon. Don't soil your clothes with the fire-crackers."

I went out into the street and opened the package of Wang Kong Ming firecrackers, lit a punk, and then shot them off complete in one chain. Mother watched me from the window, smiling.

At noon mother took me over to Aunt Quan's house, telling me on the way, "Be careful of your behavior and your manners. You know how particular your aunt is."

Jung was out in the street with Hoi, and both of them were wearing their new clothes, looking very clean and neat.

He greeted me and said to mother, "May luck and fortune be with you." Mother smiled a big smile and handed a lay shoe to Jung and another one to Hoi.

Aunt Quan was all dressed up that morning. She was wearing her long earrings, and golden bracelets gleamed on her slender arms. Her hair was smoothly oiled with wax and her brown face was white and pinkish in color. Like mother, she looked much younger than usual that day.

Aunt Quan and mother exchanged greetings and my

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aunt Quan invited us to go into the living room where Jung offered mother tea and melon seeds. Aunt Quan and mother talked about lottery tickets and everything pertaining to the good and fortunate. Uncle Quan talked about riches, money, and in the end he said to mother, "May you have lots of good fortune in the coming year." And mother said politely, "And you too."

Early that morning aunt Quan had prepared some pin dan, Chinese dough cakes, and she brought them out, nice and brown and very good to eat.

I went out into the street with Jung and Hoi. Each of us had three packages of firecrackers, a package of Weng Keng King, and two packages of silver flashlight crackers.

"You know, King," Jung said, "I remember how I used to collect all my lay shees and put them into a tin box. Now it doesn't seem to be fun anymore. I guess I am too big for that sort of thing."

Hoi interrupted and said, "I have already received about ten lay shees today."

We shot firecrackers all along the street, and they made a lot of noise and disturbance.

Mother was about to go home. She said, "King, go wash your hands."

The firecrackers' powder had smudged my hands black

and mother did not want me to soil my new outfit.

Before mother left she said to my aunt Quan,
"Be sure to come over tonight. I am going to make
gin dur and weo tow go for the guests."

My aunt Quan said, "I shall be over at seven."

Then my mother and I went home.

When we reached home I saw that one of mother's
friends had come and he was munching melon seeds and
talking to father about business for the past year.
He stood up and smiled a big smile when he saw mother.
He dipped his hands into his pocket and pulled out a
fifty cent piece that was not wrapped in red paper,
for he was quite modern and so did not wrap his money
in red paper. I thanked him and offered him cigars and
cigarettes.

"Why, Ming is a big boy now," he said to mother.

"He is twelve, just as big as your Wei Men,"
mother said.

"My Wei Men is thirteen according to Chinese
age," he said.

"Father told me, 'Go play some good music, 'The
Big Open Door' now."

The loud music echoed through the house.

"Don't play any sad or melancholy music today,"
mother told me, "Your father does not like it."

All day long guests came and went and in the evening I found that I had received quite a lot of money, about four dollars. Mother told me to save it and put it in the bank after the New Year.

In the evening aunt Quan, uncle Quan, Jung and Hoi came over. Jung was very moody and unhappy.

He said, "All day long I have been offering tea and melon seeds to guests. This new suit of clothes is just killing me. I hate to wear it." Jung was unhappy, feeling uncomfortable and lost in his clothes.

I asked Jung, "How much have you collected already?"

He said, very uninterested, "I don't know. I don't count it anymore."

I leaned close to Jung and said in a very soft voice, "I opened my lay shee and I counted them," I told him.

"Hoi received more than I did," Jung told me.

As the evening drew on, more guests came until the house was filled and echoed and reechoed with greetings and talk of the New Year. We children walked together watching everything and everybody. Hoi stayed near his mother, waiting for the other people to give him money.

Mother was very busy in the kitchen preparing the

dinner. The odor of cooked food was very tempting.

Soon we had dinner. I helped mother to prepare the long table, adding three extra boards to it. Then mother took out the new white tablecloth and covered the table with it. Tonight she brought out the ivory chopsticks, instead of the bamboo ones. Bottles of Ng Kai Pay wine stood at each corner of the table.

The women, all very young and beautiful that night sat together on one side, and the men sat on the other side of the table. The children squeezed in wherever we could.

First the men drank whiskey in their little green wine glasses, picking up little pieces of the delicacies that went with the wine.

Father poured out the Ng Kai Pay, filling up the empty cups as soon as they were empty. The women were a little bold that night, drinking home-made rice wine. Mother's face suddenly grew red after she had drunk one small cup of wine. But father kept drinking and drinking, and there was no change in the color of his face.

There were roast chicken, mushrooms cooked with abalone sauce, ducks, bird's-nest soup, roast pork and many varieties of fancy foods. Jung sat in his place, eating very little, waiting impatiently to get home. Hoi sat near his mother, eating whatever his mother

picked for him with her chopsticks.

The party was dominated by the gayest of spirits.

Mother said, "May all you women have many children in the coming year." All the women smiled, and Lum Shee answered, "You are young, but we are old. Just let me have some luck, that is all I desire. Not children."

Mother said to Lum Shee, "You are still young, it is I who am old." And all the other women broke into hearty laughter. The bottles of Hg Kai Fay became empty. The men and women were a little drunk, it appeared. One of the men began to play a game called Chi Mew.

Father was a little affected by the strong wine.

Mother told me to go over to the food store and bring back some brown sugar. She melted that in boiling water and told father to drink it. He was much better after that.

The women put on aprons to protect their long gowns and went into the kitchen to make gin dur.

Mother was busily cutting up sweet melon and cocoanut candy, cutting the small candy with quick movements of her hands.

My aunt Quen was boiling oil in the stove, taking great care to keep us children away.

"Go outside, all of you," she said to us, "we will call you when the dough cakes are ready." Another woman was roasting peanuts near the stove. An old woman whose face was all in wrinkles was putting candy and cocoanut into a small round piece of dough, and she rolled it tightly with her hands. The dough became round like a ball. Quickly she sprinkled some seeds on the table and rolled the dough cakes over them, the small seeds sticking to the dough like glue. Lam Shee was mixing the dough with her bare hands. She poured melted brown sugar into the dough, squeezing and pounding it with the strong movements of her hands.

The oil was now boiling on the stove. My aunt Quan was an expert gin dur maker. Mother let her do everything. Aunt Quan was very superstitious and she insisted that the dough cakes for the first day of the New Year should be nice and beautiful.

My aunt Quan dropped the dough cakes into the oil one by one, squeezing and pounding them down with a long flat spoon which she was holding in her hands. The other women crowded around and exclaimed, "My, but they are beautiful." And Aunt Quan was proud, for she loved to have people praise her cooking.

The men sat in the living room, munching melon seeds and listening to the phonograph records, talking

about everything they could think of.

Mother brought the cooked dough cakes out into the room when they were finished. Jung ate the sweetened kind, but I preferred the salted kind. That evening I received many more quarters but I was so tired that I decided to count them the next morning.

Before Jung went home, he said to me, "Are you going to school tomorrow?"

"I think so," I told him, "there is no use of being absent tomorrow."

"Hoi is going to stay home for another day," Jung said.

"You come and call me in the morning," I told Jung.

The guests all left late that night, thanking mother for the nice party and the very pleasant evening.

I went to bed, tired and yet happy, for I had received quite a lot of money...

And that second day of the New Year, in the year when Jung passed away, that, too, still remains clear in my memory. I remember everything that happened.

The night had passed, and the birthday of the Dog, the second day of the New Year came rushing in grey and dark, but no rain.

The day was as dreary and dull as the first day. I still wore my new suit and shoes and the small sai-

lor cap which I admired very much. Jung came and called me in the early morning and we went to school. When I came back mother told me that she was taking me to a party in one of the biggest restaurants in Chinatown.

Now the second day of the New Year is one on which great and elaborate parties are given; both the restaurants and the homes are decorated and everyone is full of the gay and carefree spirit of the New Year.

My aunt Quan was going to the same party. Mother and I were going, since father had to stay home and take care of the small baby.

My aunt Quan came in her bright red new car. Hoi was with her. Jung was missing. I asked Hoi, "Is Jung not going too?"

Hoi said, "He said a bad word today and mother locked him up in his room."

I knew that if Jung did say anything not quite proper aunt Quan would surely punish him severely. She was a little more liberal with Hoi.

The bright lights of the restaurant glittered in the streets, red, blue, yellow and white. Men and women, dressed up in their best new suits, new long robes, were evident everywhere. I climbed the long steps up to the big room where the party was to be held, and the

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murmurings and noise of the great crowd sounded like the rising and falling of the great sea waves, pounding against the shore.

The big room was illuminated with many bright lights and the tables were arranged in regular party fashion. Some young boys and girls were passing melon seeds and tea to the guests. Mother dropped a lay shoe into a box as was the custom.

The party was to start at seven, but it really commenced at eight. The guests arrived one after another, until the place was crowded with men and women, all eager to start the party.

Mother and I sat at the same table with aunt Quan and Hoi. One dish followed the other. The men drank Ng Kai Pay wine by the cupfuls, talking and laughing with loud, strident voices.

I thought about Jung all the time. I knew how miserable he was, locked up in his room, rebelling against his mother, as he had always done in the past.

At ten the guests began to leave. My aunt Quan got many paper boxes together and collected the left-overs to take home for the next day. My mother helped my aunt and my aunt gave mother two boxes of left-overs.

And thus the second day of the New Year passed away. ...

Then came the dawn of the third day, the birthday of the Pig.

I saw Jung at school that day and he was mad at what aunt Quan had done to him the day before.

"My mother is so old-fashioned," he commenced irritably. "She looked me in yesterday because I called Hoi a fool. It's all so foolish and silly. I know your mother wouldn't do it to you if you did that."

I thought a while and I knew that what Jung said was the truth.

"Mother and I are going over to see the fortune telling woman tonight," I told Jung, "and your mother has handed your name in on a piece of red paper."

Jung scowled, his face took on a hateful look.

"She does it every year," he said slowly, "and I don't see any good in it at all." He turned away, and started for home. I followed after him.

"My mother does it every year too," I said to Jung.

Jung didn't feel like talking so I left him alone and went home.

That evening about six, mother called me, "Ming, Ming, get ready," her voice echoed through the house.

"I'm ready," I called back.

My mother came down, her bright robe showing her up to best advantage.

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Putting on her new fur coat, she said quickly, "Come, we must go see the Goon Yum Goddess."

I remembered going the year before to an old dirty woman living in dark rooms. She made lots of money with her mysterious ways of telling fortunes and mother went there every year, sometimes my aunt Quan went there too.

Mother and I stopped in front of a large dark house, the windows were covered with heavy films of dust, through which could be seen dirty curtains now blackened from time and grime.

Mother pressed a very small bell. Soon I heard the shuffling of feet and the door was opened. We entered a small hallway and proceeded up a dark stair. Mother and I went up very slowly so as not to fall down. The old fear that I always felt in going there seized me again and I held mother's hands tight, frightened lest I be lost in this drab and utterly mysterious house of the fortune teller.

After reaching the top of the stairs we had to go down another long hallway, to the very end door to the room occupied by the old woman with the dirty white hair. I saw a small idol, crudely colored with now faded paint, resting on a small box near her doorway. The god had an ugly expression on his face and a small glass of oil was slowly burning in a steady flame in

front of him. All around this and there were spread red papers on which were written many Chinese characters in gold and black letters.

All of the darkened doors looked the same. Mother knocked on the very end door. An old fat woman came out, her hair white, yet black from dirt, and she smiled at mother.

She opened the door wide for both of us, and said in her dry voice, "Happy New Year."

Mother took the red paper from out of her pocket, handed it to the old woman, and remarked "Let us hope that all of us will have good fortune for the coming year."

I looked around the room. Nothing had been changed. Everything was exactly as if it had not been touched since the year before and the year before that. The same old bed stood near the corner, the same old red table-cloth and the same box of worn-out bamboo slits.

The old woman picked up the box of bamboo and began shaking it up and down with easy, graceful movements, chanting the name of one of our family in that voice of hers which always managed to frighten me, somehow. She shook the box of bamboo slits until one slit fell down on the table. Then she put the number right next to the name she was chanting out loud.

The monotonous chanting, combined with the dim gaslight of the room gave a peculiar and spooky feeling to the whole ceremony. Mother watched everything with eager eyes for she was so interested in whether our fortunes were to be good or bad, that she did not have time to notice the uncanny characteristics of the whole room.

This chanting went on for many minutes, the longer it lasted, the more I began to get frightened. But the end came at last. I felt strangely glad when the old woman finished. She handed the red paper back to mother.

"Thank you so much," mother said gratefully, taking out a dollar and handing it over to the old woman.

The old woman smiled and acknowledged the money with thanks.

Then my mother and I left that terribly dreary place.

"We have to get a book for tomorrow," mother said, "to find out about the different numbers."

It was late at night when we got home and mother decided that tomorrow we would call aunt Quan over and discuss the numbers. I was already imagining how Jung would feel when I told him about what aunt Quan had done. I knew that Jung did not believe in such things...

And the very next day, the birthday of the Lamb, I told Jung. He was not surprised, just answering, "I knew it all the time. Mother does the same thing every year."

"So does my mother," I told him.

"Well, I guess Chinese women are like that," he remarked.

That very evening aunt Juan and her whole family came over to our house. We found that it was not necessary to buy a book at all, for aunt Juan knew a man who had memorized the one hundred rules of the fortune telling book by heart. He was a genial looking man, short and fat who talked with a very feminine voice, manipulating his hands unconsciously while he talked and making amusing gestures with them.

He told each number for ten cents apiece, explaining the origin, the meaning and the good and the bad of each one.

Jung sat there, sullen and moody, paying no attention to all that was said. However, the rest of us took the occasion lightly, joking and laughing as something amusing turned up.

When the man came to Kai's number he said, "This is the best one of all. Everything that this person does and thinks will be successful in the end. In luck, in health, in fortune, in everything--success in

every endeavor."

Aunt Quan's face beamed with a wide smile, for she believed implicitly in these numbers. Jung sneered, although I was the only one who noticed it.

The man read on, explaining in detail everything connected with that particular number. Soon he came to Jung's number and he became solemn and said, his tone of voice changed, "This is the first sad note."

Aunt Quan's face clouded over with worry.

The man continued, "This says that Jung must be very careful of his health during the coming year. His health is threatened by dark shadows."

All of us sat there staring with wide open eyes. Jung was calm. Aunt Quan was actually frightened.

Later that evening Jung took me aside and said, "Kung, you just watch, nothing is going to happen to me. If my health does get bad it is not because of these numbers, but because it has just come about naturally. You know, all of these sayings seem pure nonsense to me." He cared little about what happened to him.

That evening my aunt Quan lost her spirit of gay and carefree joyousness. What the man had said about Jung worried her greatly. She was quiet, glancing repeatedly at Jung, fearing that something terrible was to happen soon.

Uncle Quan was not much worried about these things. He was not as superstitious as aunt Quan, for he had dropped many of his old beliefs after he came to this country which was fifteen years ago.

Late in the evening mother and aunt Quan, uncle Quan and another man played mah jong until midnight. Aunt Quan was so worried about Jung that her mind was not on the game. She lost over a thousand points in the two rounds of mah jong.

I counted my money that night, and I had received a total of almost thirteen dollars in lay see.

When Jung went home he said to me again, "Nothing is going to happen to me, just you watch."...

The fifth day of the New Year, the birthday of the Horse, came and went without any undue excitement. However, that day some guests came to visit my mother. I received some more money. The Chinese lilies had blossomed into flowers. Mother was glad, for she was afraid that the blossoms might not sprout flowers and that was a very bad sign.

"I think all the flowers will be open by the birthday of Men," mother said to father late that evening.

"This year we have good bulbs," father said.

I happened to think of Jung that night and was

a little bit worried myself, somehow. Would something really happen to him as the man said? I had thought of the matter a long while after he went home the day before. I remembered clearly about a certain man who had his fortune told. He was to come into great fortune. It came true. Then there was the story of another man who was to suffer from very bad luck, that he would never have a chance to go back to his homeland. However, in spite of the prediction, he did go back and returned bringing a lot of money. Thus worrying and thinking of Jung, I fell asleep to await the coming of the next day, the birthday of the Horse...

The next day I saw Jung again at school.

He laughed, "Well, so far nothing has happened to me. I told you nothing was going to happen to me."

I did not tell Jung that I was worried about him.

I said to Jung, "Some of the flowers have already bloomed in our house."

Jung answered, "Mother was talking about the flowers this morning. She was afraid that they might bloom too late. She thinks that it is a sign of bad luck if the flowers do not bloom before the seventh day of the New Year."

When I went home that evening I told mother what Jung told me. She looked rather puzzled, then said, "Your aunt Quan is a very superstitious person. She is always worrying, if the flowers do not bloom she

will think she is going to have a very bad year ahead of her, a year of misfortune, sadness and sorrow."

And yet it was in that year that Jung passed away...

Then the tragic birthday of Wen dawned, the day that Jung came into our house and did something that clearly foreshadowed his death, at least, according to my aunt Quan. Not only that. Aunt Quan's Chinese lilies failed to bloom on the seventh day of the New Year. The bulbs sprouted forth, but only long green leaves came out, the flowers were lost inside the leaves and failed completely to emerge.

I woke up quite early that morning for it was the last legal day to shoot firecrackers and I wanted to take advantage of every spare moment. I came downstairs and saw mother opening the brown pudding with a long sharp knife. The brown pudding had hardened like brown cement and mother was having a hard time struggling through it.

I asked mother, "When are we going to eat it?"

Mother said, "I'm going to fry it in the afternoon when your aunt Quan comes over."

Mother cut the pudding into thin brown slices, putting them in neat piles on a flat white plate.

There was a big dish of raw fish, cut in small pieces, on the table. Carrots, sliced in very thin pieces, were on the same dish. Inside a brown paper bag I saw some fried objects. There were pepper, salt, and small seeds, crisply fried.

"Are these fish to be eaten raw?" I asked mother.

"Of course," mother said, "It is the custom to eat raw fish on the seventh day of the New Year.

Mother was stirring a big bowl of boiling broth.

She opened the big bowl, and the escaping steam filled the air with its delicious flavor. Mother stirred the broth with a long spoon.

"For those who can not eat the fish raw, we have this hot, boiling broth." I remember that I liked this broth very much, and every single year I poured it over the raw fish, and found the taste very delicious.

In the afternoon my aunt Quan, uncle Quan, Jung and Hoi came over. Hoi was still wearing his new costume, but Jung had changed into a less conspicuous one.

Father mixed the raw fish with the carrots, and sprinkled some small seeds over them. The fish appeared red and raw. They looked indigestible to me. Mother brought the hot broth over and she served it to the children and my aunt Quan.

I could hear the firecrackers exploding all along Chinatown and the loud noises kept up a continuous rhythm like the flow of a machine gun. When this rhythm was broken by a moment of silence, the city seemed quiet and strange until the noise began again. So it was all through the day.

Jung and I decided to go down to the important shops and watch the people shoot off firecrackers. We stopped in front of one of the more prosperous stores in Chinatown where the firecrackers had been exploding for over a full hour. And still the men were shooting them off, having the time of their lives. The men lined up close to the store, each with a burning punk in his hands, and thick stacks of firecrackers near him. The whole street was lined with burnt papers, red, green and white. The smell of powder burnt into the nostrils of everyone, making their throats thirsty and dry.

Jung and I watched for over an hour, and when we left the men were still shooting them. My ears began to ring from having been so close to the noise and explosion.

When I got home, my father gave Jung and me some packages of lady fingers, small Chinese firecrackers which had to be shot off in a whole chain or else they would not explode at all.

Jung tried to separate his firecrackers into single ones.

I said, "They will not explode well unless you shoot them off in a whole chain."

Jung answered, "This way it will last longer." And he separated his firecrackers into single ones.

But I was right. And Jung gave up in the end.

It was late afternoon when we heard the prolonged sound of gongs and Chinese music. I knew that the good luck dragon was coming. Mother hurriedly prepared to receive the dragon.

She went to the kitchen and got out a fresh lettuce, and tied it to a long string.

Father hung the lettuce up near the top of the outside door. He wrapped up a dollar bill and tied that to the lettuce. Down the street the dragon parade slowly made its way, stopping at every store or house that had a lettuce hung up in front of it.

Jung and I went down the street, running so as not to miss anything. The dragon was a huge one, with bright colors. The head shone as it caught the reflection of the sun, and gleamed in all its splendor, the bright red and green tail moving now in this, now in that, direction as the men manipulated the head in rhythmic movements.

The moving dragon, followed by a group of musicians, stopped in front of our house. My aunt Quan was looking out of the window, her bright new clothes glittering in the sun. Father shot a package of firecrackers, and the dragon danced an intricate dance. Then it bowed three times before the door of our house, deep, placid bows. After that the musicians played a noisy Chinese tune, the cymbals and gongs melting together in a melodious harmony. The man under the dragon head moved it with great skill, while the man who held the long silk tail of the dragon fanned the tail up and down, swinging it in accord with the movements of the head.

Father shot off one package of firecrackers after another. A man was stationed there to sweep the exploding firecrackers onto the sidewalk so that they would not interfere with the dancing of the dragon. The dragon's mouth was wide open, and the man under the dragon chewed off the lettuce, money and all with one bold sweep. Then the dragon made three bows of thanks and continued on its goodwill tour of the different homes and stores.

Father continued shooting packages of firecrackers.

A man approached and gave two red cards of

thanks to mother, and mother said to aunt Quan, "The goodluck dragon has visited our house, and now we must have luck for the coming year."

Aunt Quan answered, "If I didn't live so far away from the main town here, I would hang up a lettuce and some money to chase away the evil that may be in my house."

Aunt Quan was staying for dinner that night, and she helped mother to prepare a large and elaborate meal.

That evening I said to Jung, "New Year is almost over, I suppose you must be glad of it."

"Yes, I'm glad," Jung answered, while munching away on black melon seeds. "Didn't I tell you that nothing was going to happen to me? I know that all this talk was just pure nonsense. I think it is a waste of money to spend it on such foolish things as fortune telling and other such beliefs."

He got up quickly then and went over toward the table to get some more melon seeds. Jung was not very tall, and he had to reach up high to get them. Suddenly I heard a loud noise of dishes being broken, and when I turned around there was Jung gathering up the broken pieces of glassware. A sudden fear leapt into his eyes and his face was red with shame. My

aunt Quan came running out of the kitchen, her hands holding a long sharp knife with which she was cutting meat, when she heard the noise. She saw Jung on the floor picking up the broken dishes with his hands.

"You'll cut your hand," mother said, "Ming, go into the kitchen and get the broom, and sweep it up."

Jung did not look at aunt Quan and my aunt Quan did not say anything, so impressed was she with what had happened. Jung said in an almost crying voice, his face full of shame and humiliation, "I didn't mean it. It just happened." Then he broke into audible crying. Aunt Quan took him home immediately.

"He's always getting into trouble," my aunt Quan told mother, "and that this should happen on the seventh day! It is a bad sign." Aunt Quan's face wore a worried expression and she seemed suddenly to have become an old woman.

Then she said to mother in a very strange and quiet voice, so that no one could hear it, "This very morning I broke an electric light globe. My bulbs did not blossom into flowers. Now Jung has broken your dishes on the birthday of Men. These are all bad omens."

When aunt Quan left, mother too was worried. And although she was not superstitious, she couldn't help feeling depressed and sad. That evening she said

to father, "I wonder if what the man said about Jung's health will come true or not."

Father said, "Let us hope for the best."...

Now the New Year was officially over. But there were three more days of no importance, but to us and to my aunt Quan, they were the most trying days of the year for one of them my friend Jung passed away.

On the birthday of the Wheat, Jung became sick, a slight and unimportant illness it was at the beginning. That day I went to see Jung. He was in bright spirits, insisting still that nothing was going to happen to him.

He said, looking straight at me, "I know what my mother is thinking now. She is going to blame all this on what I did at your house yesterday and what the old man told her about my number. Jung was cheerful, although his face was white and pale. I knew that many people got sick during the New Year because of the oil and rich foods they ate. And undoubtedly, I thought, Jung was sick because of that.

To comfort Jung I told him, "You will get well soon. I know that all those foolish beliefs have nothing to do with your illness. I will come and see you tomorrow."

Yet, somehow, I felt worried when I left him.

My mother asked me how Jung was, when I reached home.

"He is just a little sick," I told mother.

Mother went over that night to visit Jung. Try as she would, she couldn't get rid of the feeling that somehow Jung's sickness had been brought about by what had happened the day before.

Aunt Quan was greatly worried.

"We are going to have a bad year," aunt Quan told mother that night; everything seems to be against us this year."

Mother told aunt Quan not to worry and that everything would come out for the best in the end...

Then came the birthday of the Soldier. I went over that morning to see Jung. His condition had become worse, and he had a bad fever. Jung was asleep when I arrived at Aunt Quan's house so I did not have a chance to talk to him that day.

The doctor was just coming out from Jung's room.

He said quite solemnly, "His heart is very weak. It is best to send him over to the hospital for a few days and as soon as possible. His condition is quite bad now."

I told Aunt Quan what the doctor said but there

was no need for, from her face, I knew that she understood exactly what it was. Aunt Quan did not want to do it. She said, "Jung is such a strong boy. He will get well soon."

The doctor went away, shaking his head slightly.

Late that afternoon Jung complained that he had a sore throat. His voice was low and dry. The doctor had told aunt Quan that Jung had diphtheria and that his heart was very weak. But aunt Quan determined to consult a pulse-reading doctor first.

It was late that night, almost ten o'clock that aunt Quan telephoned to mother. She was excited, talking quickly and loud. Mother told me to phone the doctor to come over to Jung's house. I did that. When I reached aunt Quan's house with my mother, the doctor was already there. Jung moved uncomfortably, writhing in his bed. Aunt Quan was sobbing softly. She was afraid.

The doctor said, "This boy must be sent to the hospital immediately." Aunt Quan did not know what to do. Mother tried to make aunt Quan see it the doctor's way, but even in this hour of supreme tragedy aunt Quan was very stubborn.

The doctor said to me before he left, "That boy will die unless he is given the greatest of care." I

told that to mother when I got home. Mother said, "One can never tell about this sort of thing. It all depends. But your aunt Quan should have let Jung go to the hospital."

That night I dreamt about Jung and that he had died in his home. I was afraid, but I did not tell mother about my dream...

The birthday of the Robber dawned, the day that my friend Jung died. It was quite early in the morning when the telephone rang out through the house. Mother got up quickly, and she knew that in this early hour, there must be something unusual. She was right. Aunt Quan was sobbing over the telephone.

Mother hung up quickly. She came rushing into my room, holding a small glass. She wanted some urine to save Jung.

Jung was acting so strangely and queerly that aunt Quan was afraid. Mother took the filled glass, and told me to telephone the doctor to go over to Jung's house.

Mother hired a taxi and rushed over to save Jung with the urine. Aunt Quan poured it down Jung's throat. He choked; then he died. My aunt Quan cried. Jung was now as white as a corpse. But aunt Quan did not believe Jung was dead.

She yelled out loud, frantically, "Get him over to the emergency hospital. He must be saved!" Jung was already dead, but uncle Quan and my father took him over to the emergency hospital.

Jung had died long before he reached there. When uncle Quan heard that Jung was really dead, he slumped down on the floor, cold and white. He had fainted. Father took the dead body back to the house. Aunt Quan lost control of herself completely, weeping and moaning loudly. I became frightened. I had never seen a big person crying before. Mother wiped her eyes. Uncle Quan and father sat very quiet, each unable to say anything.

The doctor arrived. There was nothing that he could do. He went back to his office. I went back home, the memory of Jung's white body still lingering in my memory. I could not believe that Jung was dead. A few days ago I was laughing and talking with him. We shot firecrackers together. Now he no longer moved; he was dead. And suddenly I burst into tears, crying for my friend Jung. He was the best friend that I ever had, and now I would see him no more.

The next day I brought some flowers to Aunt Quan. Her face was full of lines and her eyes were red with weeping. Aunt Quan gave me a disc wrapped with a piece

of brown sugar. Then I came home...

The New Year was over and the tragic death of Jung threw all of us into a sad and unhappy state. How many times in the days that followed I heard aunt Juan telling the old folks that Jung's death was inevitable! Jung simply had drawn a bad number, she said, and the flowers did not bloom on that seventh day. Jung broke dishes on the birthday of Wen, and she broke an electric light globe. How could all this be coincidence, she asked.

And the very old folks who were ready for the grave nodded their heads and agreed.

But I, I missed my good friend Jung. In school and when alone I thought of him. I remembered how he said to me, "Nothing is going to happen to me, King."

And yet it did happen, and I do not know whether it was fate that caused his death or whether it was due to those ill omens that occurred that year in such rapid succession. What difference does it make? I know only that I missed my good friend Jung very much indeed.

The first part of the paper is devoted to a general discussion of the problem. It is shown that the problem is of great importance in the theory of the structure of the atom. The second part is devoted to a detailed analysis of the experimental results. It is shown that the results are in good agreement with the theoretical predictions. The third part is devoted to a discussion of the results and their implications. It is shown that the results are of great importance in the theory of the structure of the atom. The fourth part is devoted to a discussion of the results and their implications. It is shown that the results are of great importance in the theory of the structure of the atom.

The Kindly Old God

He is an old kindly looking man, wearing a large full cloak of blue, trimmed with golden borders. His shoulders are covered with a magnificent red cape, which is also trimmed with gold. He wears an elaborate crown on his head. In his hands he holds a small picture of a white animal reclining on the ground. Up above him there hang red curtains of dazzling colors. And what is this, you ask me? It is the picture of a Chinese god.

There he stands, up on the little shelf, so serene and unaware of everything that is happening. The long punks glow with a mellow light, illuminating his kind face and eyes. He looks like an old man who is still strong and sturdy despite his age. The picture is surrounded with a trim black frame, and over the edges of the frame is spread a piece of thin red silk. On top of the frame there loom up two peacock feathers of bright colors. In a little glass, a steady light burns continually. Sometimes it seems as if the expression of the god changes. He laughs; he is angry; he is joyful, and yet, through it all, his expression does not change in the least.

No matter where one stands, one can see his eyes strain, steadily at you.

His name is Buk Dei. And the story about him

takes one far back, to a happening that took place long ago in China.

One year there came to a certain section of China a raging disease that swept all over the countryside. Many people died and quickly. There seemed no way of stopping it. Then, one day a group of old villagers got together and said, "There is evil in this land of ours and we must get rid of it before it is too late." So many large bamboo firecrackers were prepared, and, on the second day of the second month of the Chinese calendar, these bamboo firecrackers were shot off with a great deal of elaborate ceremony. And, strangely enough, after this display of fireworks the disease suddenly came to a halt and the old villagers said that the firecrackers had scared the devils away.

Thereafter in the years that followed, on the anniversary of the same day, the ceremony of shooting large bamboo firecrackers was practiced regularly.

Now as it has happened to all other customs, the people over here in America celebrate this holiday in a slightly different fashion.

In the little town of Marysville, California, there is a temple dedicated to this god, and every year, on the second day of the second month of the Chinese calendar, this ceremony of shooting off large bamboo firecrackers

but after several months
 quit it and became a sol-
 dier of the White Army. At
 that time Billie's troops
 stayed near Gladstone. So
 we fought with them several
 times. While my mother
 got a job as a ^{quang} soldier and
 went to ^{Quang} ~~Shanghai~~. She ^{was} ~~was~~
 hated civil war, therefore
 never became a soldier of
 the White Army. She got
 into prison and lost the
 father. When she had some

him. Several times I have
 in battle with ~~Colored~~ but
 never been wounded. At least
 tried to fight with my own
 people. ~~They~~ ^{and} I quit my
 Regiment and went to Hager
 In this city I lived one
 year and in 1923 I was
 granted to the United States
 at first I settled in
 San Francisco, California
 I have been living there years
 After that I left S. Fran-
 cisco for Berkeley, Cal. I am

This city I lived two years.
During this time I tried to get
into University as a student
but failed. In 1928 I re-
turned to S. Francisco, Calif.
Again here I got a good
job as a dockman and am still
working in this line until
now. I will add that I
am 35 years old, American
citizen, strong, healthy and
lively, very happy and am
now professor but prefer
to work as a dockman because

1
The first of these is the
fact that the world is
not a uniform whole
but a collection of
many different parts
each of which has its
own special character
and its own special
history. The second
fact is that the world
is not a static whole
but a dynamic whole
which is constantly
changing and
developing. The third
fact is that the world
is not a simple whole
but a complex whole
which is made up of
many different parts
each of which has its
own special character
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history. The fourth
fact is that the world
is not a uniform whole
but a collection of
many different parts
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fact is that the world
is not a static whole
but a dynamic whole
which is constantly
changing and
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fact is that the world
is not a simple whole
but a complex whole
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and its own special
history. The seventh
fact is that the world
is not a uniform whole
but a collection of
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history. The eighth
fact is that the world
is not a static whole
but a dynamic whole
which is constantly
changing and
developing. The ninth
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is not a simple whole
but a complex whole
which is made up of
many different parts
each of which has its
own special character
and its own special
history. The tenth
fact is that the world
is not a uniform whole
but a collection of
many different parts
each of which has its
own special character
and its own special
history.

years ago with whom the
 first part of the year 1827
 the demand ^{him} was very low
not in 1828 it was very
 low. My husband and I were
 officers of the Police and
 at first took the morning
 as a journey. But we were
 a business in a hotel. I was
 the partner for 12 years the
 daughter is married in a great
 fortune as a ^{ing} business of the
 the end of the year. About

The nature of the life, particularly the hardships under which the average Chinese live, will perhaps be best understood if I summarize the life of three typical individuals, all natives of Kwantung Province. Let us call them, respectively, Chen, Kwan, and Mrs. Tang. Chen's account is particularly interesting because he succeeded eventually in obtaining an excellent education and was conscious of the political situation of his country and the larger economic issues that were involved.

The family of Chen had engaged in farming for many generations. His family was poor, belonging to the group of peasants which used to have no land of its own. Every year, during the first few days of the Chinese New Year, his family, as well as other peasants who had no land and did not wish to rent any from the landlords, had to bicycle to the village hall to secure a field from the so-called "village commune."

These communes in Kwantung Province usually owned a certain amount of land around the village. How the lands were acquired and by what means, nobody knows. These lands were supposed to be the property of the whole

the civil authorities to report upon local conditions. For instance, during the Manchu Dynasty anyone who went to Peking to take the Imperial examinations was paid all his travelling expenses by the village, including those of his servants.

Even after the so-called revolution which was supposed to have done away with the special privileges of the governing class, a high school graduate received double share in the distribution of village profits and other privileges. Of course no sons of peasants would ever have been given the honor of taking the Imperial examinations at Peking or, for that matter, of dreaming of the right to go to high school, even though more than ninety per cent of the population of the country was illiterate.

It has always been known that in China the larger landlords and wealthier classes were famous for their corruption and public officials were, of course, always at their beck and call. It was not strange therefore that the propertied class of the village, the so-called Tuho class, should have aped the manners of their superiors and become even more corrupt.

The lands of the village were under the control and the management of the Tuho class, and were rented to the peasants of the same village. There was no

m-3

Women - Social Position
4 pps. and duplication

The Women of China and the Chinese Women of America

During the reign of the Emperors in China, the Chinese women were oppressed by the men. Although the moral philosophy was and is still based on the teaching of Confucius, its philosophy had much to do in suppressing the women. Women's place was at home, to obey their parents before marriage, to obey their ^{hus} husbands after marriage, and to obey their ^{hus} sons after the death of their husbands. They could not participate in any social or political activities, nor could they voice their opinions in their homes. "A virtue woman is without education." — from an old Chinese philosophy. Thus education for women were scarce and ~~were~~ only for the aristocratic class.

Since the overthrow of the Emperor and the establishing of the Chinese Republic, the Chinese women have been awakening ^{up} by this movement to realize their social position and they then began to voice out their slogan for the emancipation.

of the Chinese women.

There are two types of Chinese women — the progressive and the backward. Women who live in the cities and who are educated are the advancing type. Women who live in the villages and who are illiterate and ignorant are the backward type.

Consciousness of the importance and the advantages of their freedom and equality with men, the advancing women are eager to educate not only themselves but also others and to help raise the social conditions of ~~their~~ ~~womenfolk~~. In the advancement of ~~the~~ Women Education, these women go into the lower section of the cities and into the villages to teach the poor people to read and write. To-day, we find many women participating in the social and political movement as well as in the professional fields. During the years of 1927, many women wearing uniforms together with the soldiers of the Nationalist Party, fighting against the militarist forces from the North. Despite

of the protest from the old folks, they marched forward with a courageous ambition.

Being held back by the feudalistic ideas, the women of the villages are the most conservative. In some part further inland of China, we find young women still have their feet bound. They still cling to the old feudalistic philosophy of Confucius that men are superior to women. Because they are the mostly poor peasants, they have not opportunity to receive an education. They are ignorant and do not know anything outside their own home.

The Chinese women in America are free and equal by law, but social they are not. They are still bound by the feudalistic ideas held by the old people who emigrated from China many years ago, and who do not know that China is in changing.

There are also two types of Chinese women in America. The native born is one type and the foreign born is another. The latter come from

the villages of China. As we know that they are mostly belonged to the peasants class. Being mostly uneducated, these women are backward and have the oldest ideas perpetuating from the villages. While the women of American born are educated in the public schools; most of them are influenced by the old tradition and have no ambition to go forward nor to elevate their thoughts. However, many are clever and having an artistic taste of dressing their hair and their clothes, but when it comes to a housing problems they are handicapped. They have no interest in politics or society, except for dancing. They thought politics is nothing but crooks but they do not know what kind of politics they should learn.

As we said that the ideas of the native born are influence by the old tradition of their parents, these native born, being mixed with the American custom, do not know the veritable

custom of the Chinese folks. Therefore the foreign born Chinese flout at the native born. There is a special name "mo-no" which means "no-brain" for the native born.

The Chinese women either in America or in China is a down-looking class. This idea still strongly existing in the minds of the old Chinese folks. The women in China can not receive the equal rights with men. While in America, the Chinese women are still receive less rights than the men. There had been said women are "commodities and play-toys". When a woman is divorced from her husband, she is considered not a good woman. A divorcee will have a difficult time to find another husband, if her ex-husband happens belong to a certain "Tong". A "Tong" is an organization originated in the pioneer days in California and still is existing to protect its members in business and its members' wives from others interference. The inherence immigrated from the old feudalistic

idea is that the women cannot participate in any social or political organization, consequently, in the family association, the women are not permitted to join. These feudalistic organizations are only protecting their men and suppressing the rights of their women. With such inequality and discrimination no voice or protestation is raised by the women of the foreign or native born.

THE WOMEN OF CHINA AND THE CHINESE WOMEN OF AMERICA

During the reign of the Emperors in China the Chinese women were oppressed by the men. Although the moral philosophy was and still is based on the teaching of Confucius, its philosophy had much to do in suppressing the women. Woman's place was at home, to obey her parents before marriage, to obey her husband after marriage, and to obey her sons after the death of her husband. She could not participate in any social or political activities, nor could she voice her opinions in her home. According to an old Chinese proverb, "A virtuous woman is without education". Thus education for women was scarce and only for the aristocratic class.

Since the overthrow of the Emperor and the establishment of the Chinese Republic, the Chinese women have been awakened by this movement to a realization of their social position and they have begun to voice their slogan of the emancipation of the Chinese woman.

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Conscious of the importance and the advantages of their freedom and equality with men, the advancing women are eager to educate not only themselves but also others and to help

raise the social conditions of women. In the advocacy of mass education, these women go into the lower sections of the cities and into the villages to teach the poor people to read and write. Today we find many women participating in the social and political movements as well as in the professional fields. During the year 1927 many women wearing uniforms fought together with the soldiers of the Nationalist Party against the militarist forces from the north. In spite of the protest from the old folks, they marched forward with a courageous ambition.

Being held back by the feudalistic ideas, the women of the villages are the most conservative. In some parts further inland, in China, we find young women still bind their feet. They still cling to the old feudalistic philosophy of Confucius, that men are superior to women. Because they are mostly poor peasants, they have not opportunity to receive an education. They are ignorant and do not know anything outside their own home.

The Chinese women in America are free and equal by law, but socially they are not. They are still bound by the feudalistic ideas held by the old people who emigrated from China many years ago, and who do not know that China is changing.

There are also two types of Chinese women in America. The native-born is one type and the foreign born is the other.

The latter come from the villages of China. As we know, they mostly belong to the peasant class. Being uneducated for the most part, these women are backward and perpetuate the oldest ideas from the villages. The American born Chinese woman is educated in the public schools; many of them are influenced by the old tradition and have no ambition to go forward nor to elevate their thoughts. However, many are clever and have an artistic taste in dressing, but when it comes to a basic problem they are handicapped. They have no interest in politics or society, except dancing. They think politics is nothing but crookedness, and they do not know what kind of politics they should learn.

As we said, the ideas of the native born are influenced by the old traditions of their parents, and these native born women, coming into contact with American customs, do not know the veritable customs of the Chinese folk. Therefore the Chinese foreign-born flout the native-born. There is a special name, "no-no", which means "no brain", for the native-born.

The Chinese women either in America or in China are a "down-looking" class. This idea still strongly exists in the minds of the old Chinese folks. The women in China cannot receive equal rights with men. In America, the Chinese women still receive less wages than the men. It has been said that women are "commodities and play-toys". When a woman is divorced

from her husband, she is not considered a good woman. A divorcee will have a difficult time to find another husband, if her ex-husband happens to belong to a certain "tong". A tong is an organization originated in the pioneer days in California and still exists to protect its members in business and its members' wives from others' interference. The inheritance from the old feudalistic ideas is that the women cannot participate in any social or political organization, consequently in the family associations the women are not permitted to join. These feudalistic organizations only protect the men and suppress the rights of women. With such inequality and discrimination, no voice or protestation is raised by the women of the foreign-born or native-born Chinese.



THE WOMEN OF CHINA AND THE CHINESE WOMEN OF AMERICA

During the reign of the Emperors in China the Chinese women were oppressed by the men. Although the moral philosophy was and still is based on the teaching of Cānfucius, its philosophy had much to do in suppressing the women. Woman's place was at home, to obey her parents before marriage, to obey her husband after marriage, and to obey her sons after the death of her husband. She could not participate in any social or political activities, nor could she voice her opinions in her home. According to an old Chinese proverb, "A virtuous woman is without education". Thus education for woman was scarce and only for the aristocratic class.

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CHINESE LANGUAGE SCHOOLS IN CHINATOWN

The Chinese people in the United States of America consider their own Chinese language as important as the English language. They feel that if the younger generation has no knowledge of the Chinese language it is lost from the fatherland, China. They anticipate that the understanding of the Chinese language by the younger generation will make a better citizen and will enable the youth to comprehend the Chinese customs.

Consequently, in this Chinatown there are ten denominational Chinese Language Schools and several private schools operated and taught by individuals. Of these ten denominational schools, five (with an enrollment of eight hundred and three) are controlled by the Protestants; one (with an enrollment of two hundred and fifty) is controlled by the Catholics; and four (with an enrollment of seven hundred and ninety-five) are controlled by the political and feudalistic groups. The approximate enrollment in the private schools is two hundred pupils. The tuition fee of these denominational schools and private schools is from one dollar to one dollar and seventy-five cents a month. Of the three thousand and seventy-two Chinese in San Francisco between the ages of six and twenty-one years there are sixty per cent, or one thousand eight hundred and forty-eight pupils attending these Chinese schools. The hours are usually from five p.m. to eight p.m.

Before the depression there were greater numbers in attendance. Many boys and girls over the age of fifteen are attending these schools. They are active and conscious of the political movement in China; they make speeches on the street corners, parade in Chinatown, and dramatize in the Chinese theatre.

At present there are few over the age of fifteen who can attend the Chinese schools, because many boys and girls have to work after English school. Those that do not work cannot afford to pay the tuition fee. These students are very inactive regarding the political movement in China or in America. There are, of course, many reasons for this: in the first place the boys and girls are very young, and haven't the initiative to lead themselves; in the second place the student movements have been suppressed by the teachers and the faculty because they do not want the students to be conscious of the political issues confronting the present-day world; and in the third place four schools are dominated by the political groups (such as Kuomintang and the conservative parties) and the feudalistic groups (such as the Family and District Associations). Naturally the dominating groups are firm in their determination to keep the students from any movement in which they might wish to participate. Six of the schools are dominated by the

churches, and they too do not wish to elevate the thought of the students except in trying to persuade the younger generation to become Christian.

After spending all morning and all afternoon in the English Public Schools, the Chinese boys and girls are really tired and like to rest; therefore many do not care to attend another school, though some are forced to do so by their parents. After the Chinese school, the students have no time to study both English and Chinese homework. Most of them choose to study the English homework because they feel that the English language is important to them.

Although the old folks usually force the youth to attend the Chinese school, the Chinese boys and girls do not really learn the Chinese language as well as they should. The Chinese is a difficult language and the writing of the Chinese characters is much more difficult than the spoken language. With nine or ten hours of studying in both schools the students are actually over-worked if they try to perfect their knowledge of the two languages at the same time.

Furthermore, some of the teachers of the Chinese school use the old method of beating the head or body of the misbehaving students with a bamboo stick. This ill-treatment by the teacher does not improve or encourage the students to behave or to be interested in the Chinese school. In some schools

there are no janitors, and the students have to do the cleaning and sweeping of the school rooms; they even have to clean the lavatories. The lessons in most schools consist of Chinese history, geography and reading. In some schools abacus is being taught. Since the Chinese government proclaimed that in order to maintain the Chinese morals, the old ancient books should be taught to the children, time is given to this study also. Today in Chinatown the four schools controlled by the political and feudalistic groups are teaching the ancient books such as the "Four Books", "Historical Classics", etc. These have no use to the present generation.

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10-21
Labor - Middle Trade Workers
(Women)
3 yrs.
Ben Quinlan
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Chinese Woman Workers in the Needle Trades Industry in Chinatown

Bun Quai Low

There is no doubt that the Chinese women workers in the needle trades industry are the most exploited section of the laboring class in Chinatown. According to a social survey^Q of a federal bureau in Chinatown, there are approximately six hundred women workers employed in the trade; ~~in which~~ about forty percent of them are working in the over-all shops. The reasons ~~of why~~ the women workers ~~accept~~ ^{consist of} such a large number in the needle trades industry are briefly as follows:

1. The needle industry is the kind of trade that ^{is} suitable for ~~the~~ women workers.
2. The location of the shops ~~is~~ not far away from their home, so that they ^{can} go to work ~~and~~ conveniently.
3. They can ^{obtain} employment ⁱⁿ the trade easily.
4. The needle industry is ^{more} steady ^{employment} than any other trade in Chinatown.

As the fact indicates, the women workers in this trade ~~mostly~~ ^{mostly} came from China and only a small portion are native born. They are mostly married women, ^{and range in} age ~~of these~~ between twenty five and forty years. During the depression, the ^{number of} Chinese women immigrating to the United States ~~has~~ rapidly decreased. In the year of 1934, a great number of Chinese women went back to China. The reasons probably were: 1. There ~~was~~ ^{was} no work ^{here} for them. 2. Their husbands were unemployed or ^{were} bankrupted ⁱⁿ business and could not support the families. 3. With the cheap Chinese currency, they ~~could~~ keep the families' ~~existing~~ ^{more} much ^{easily}.



than in America. However, in ~~the year of~~ 1935, there were still about 1298 families in Chinatown.

There has ^{been} no ~~equal~~ protection for the Chinese women workers in the needle industry. They worked about ten hours a day in the shop. ~~But~~ ^{they were} permitted to work in the trade by their husbands; ~~it is~~ not because they liked ^{them} to work - but because they ~~are~~ hoped to have a better ~~earning~~ ^{living} to ~~help~~ ^{for} the family. Besides their regular work in the shops, the Chinese women workers have to do their own house works and take care of their children. It is ~~not~~ ^{not} strange to ~~hear~~ ^{to} see a Chinese woman worker ~~carry~~ ^{carry} a child on her back when she is working in the shop. A skilled woman worker in the needle trades ~~averagely~~ ^{averagely} earns about \$1.00 to \$1.50 a day for ten hours. On the over-all shops, an unskilled woman worker earns only about twenty five cents for ten hours. Many of the women workers in over-all shops earn \$5 a month, ~~even with~~ ^{even with} during the N. R. A. in operation. As the result of unsanitary conditions in the shop and low wages, the women workers are naturally unhealthy. Some times a woman worker has to work ~~at the same~~ ^{conditions until} working ~~just~~ ^{just} before a child ~~is~~ ^{is} born to her. It is impossible for them to hire help for their children, because ~~of their low~~ ^{of their low} salaries. ~~it is impossible~~ ^{it is impossible} ~~to support them to do so.~~ ^{to support them to do so.} When the mother is working in shop, ~~the children always stay alone in~~ ^{the children always stay alone in} ~~it was just that in~~ ^{it was just that in} a. From a report of the federal government ~~that~~ ^{that} a group of 1208 children, there ~~were~~ ^{were} about 25% of them left alone at home ~~by himself~~ ^{by himself}; 30% ~~are~~ ^{are} playing at factory where their mothers ~~are~~ ^{are} employed; 15% ~~attend~~ ^{attend} afternoon playgrounds.

4% attend day nurseries; 25% are ^{prepared} for ^{by} ^{kindergarten} ^{help}.
~~and only 6%~~

The Chinese women workers ~~mostly~~ are usually uneducated and they are unorganized too. There ~~has been~~ ^{has been} an attempt to establish a union of the needle trades workers in Chinatown, but due to many ~~causes~~ ^{reasons}, especially the problem of the uneducated women workers, ~~there has been no~~ ^{there has been no} success ^{as} yet.

h-1

Alaska - Census for
3 years and 1/2

28
12
300

35
300
10500
9500
6500
16000

25
12

23
300
6900

The Chinese Workers in Alaska

When the canning season is opening in Alaska, there are many Chinese workers are always be hired. According to the reports, there are about four or five hundred Chinese workers hired to work in Alaska canning factories each year. But being influenced by the superstitious ideas of the old generations, the Chinese people has a feeling that go to Alaska means "bad-luck" in their lives. It has two reasons: The first is because the weather and climate in Alaska are different from the place which they used to live. Because of these differences of weather and climate, many Chinese workers always developed some kind of sickness after they reached to the land. The old Chinese superstitious people therefore said that Alaska is a terrible place. From this misunderstanding point, these people even think that Alaska

is a ghost land because the ghost always makes the people in sickness. The second reason is because the Chinese cannery factories in Alaska are owned or controlled by the Chinese Tong organizations. Due to the facts, many Tong members are always escaping from paying dues. Therefore, the Tong leaders threatened and forced them to go to work in Alaska. By doing so, it can give them a punishment on one hand and collect their owing dues at the end of the week on the other.

But after the depression spreaded all over, the Chinese people like many of the others are being forced into the unemployment camp. They could not be able to find a place to keep their lives existing. Under these conditions, it can not avoid to go to the "ghost land, because it is better than in starving. However, the superstitious ideas are still stay in the minds

of some old people.

As we mention above, the Chinese cannery factories in Alaska are owned or controlled by the Chinese Tong organizations. Every Chinese workers who wants to go to work in Alaska, must go through the agencies of these Tongs. They are the known Tong leaders and rich merchants in Chinatown. It is not so easy for a Chinese worker to go to work in Alaska. The reasons are: first you must recommend by their friends. Second you must have a known person or store to guaranteed your work and activities. Third you must have some experiences. But the Tong men are all excepted.

There are two kind of work. One is for three months; the other is for six months. The latter always in cheaper salary. Before they go to work, every worker must

sign a contract with the Chinese boss. In this contract, with ^{the} exception on salary and working hours, it stated that any one who is being absent on regular work, regardless of reasons, must fine five dollars a day with salary abolished. Also, it stated that the boss will not be responsible for any accidents if happen in the camp or in the factories and ships.

The workers received their salaries when they finish their three months or six months work. They earned about hundred twenty five dollars for three months or two hundred fifty dollars on six months.

The Alaska Chinese cannery workers are usually working ten hours a day. Some times they worked fourteen hours but the extra work they received fifty cents for an hour. They started to work at three in the morning until six at night. They sleep in

16
wooden beds and with only three meals a day. On account of the signed contract, many workers has to work when they are in sickness. There has no medicine cure therefore, the workers always say "Take care your self. Sick in Alaska means death."

The Alaska Chinese cannery workers are unorganize. Few years ago, they had been started a struggle in some camps for a better condition but it was not carry on effecting. There was an Alaska Cannery workers' union establish this year and the Chinese workers have being forced to join. If the Chinese workers conscious enough to join hands with the others, it assure will be a great change for them in the future.

THE CHINESE WORKERS IN ALASKA

When the cannery season opens in Alaska many Chinese workers are always hired. According to reports, there are about four or five hundred Chinese workers hired to work in Alaska canneries each year. Influenced by the superstitions ideas of the older generation, the Chinese people have a feeling that to go to Alaska means "bad luck" in their lives. There are two reasons for this: the first is because the weather and climate in Alaska are different from the place in which they are used to living. Because of this difference in weather and climate, many Chinese workers develop some kind of sickness after they reach the land. The old Chinese superstitious people therefore said that Alaska is a terrible place. From this point of misunderstanding, these people even think that Alaska is a ghost land because the ghost always makes the people sick. The second reason is because the Chinese cannery factories in Alaska are owned or controlled by the Chinese Tong organizations. Due to the facts, many Tong members always escape from paying dues. Therefore, the Tong leaders threaten and force them to go to work in Alaska. By doing so, it can give them punishment on one hand, and can collect the dues owing at the end of the work.

But after the depression spread all over, the Chinese people, like many others, are being forced into the unemployment camps. They cannot find employment enough to enable them to

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The workers receive their salaries when they finish their three months or six months of work. They earn about one hundred and twenty-five dollars for three months, or two hundred and fifty dollars for six months.

The Alaska Chinese cannery workers are usually worked ten hours a day, but the extra work they are paid fifty cents an hour for. They start to work at three in the morning and work until six at night. They sleep in wooden beds with only three meals a day. Because of the signed contract, many workers must work when they are sick. There is no medical care, therefore the workers always say, "Take care of yourself. Sickness in Alaska means death".

The Alaska Chinese cannery workers are unorganized. A few years ago they started a struggle in some camps for better conditions but the struggle was not carried on effectively. There was an Alaska cannery workers' union established this year and the Chinese workers have been forced to join. If the Chinese workers are conscious enough to join hands with the others, it certainly will be a great change for them in the future.

THE CHINESE WORKERS IN ALASKA

When the cannery season opens in Alaska many Chinese workers are always hired. According to reports, there are about four or five hundred Chinese workers hired to work in Alaska canneries each year. Influenced by the superstitious ideas of the older generation, the Chinese people have a feeling that to go to Alaska means "bad luck" in their lives. There are two reasons for this: the first is because the weather and climate in Alaska are different from the place in which they are used to living. Because of this difference in weather and climate, many Chinese workers develop some kind of sickness after they reach the land. The old Chinese superstitious people therefore said that Alaska is a terrible place. From this point of misunderstanding, these people even think that Alaska is a ghost land because the ghost always makes the people sick. The second reason is because the Chinese cannery factories in Alaska are owned or controlled by the Chinese Tong organizations. Due to the facts, many Tong members always escape from paying dues. Therefore, the Tong leaders threaten and force them to go to work in Alaska. By doing so, it can give them punishment on one hand, and can collect the dues owing at the end of the work.

But after the depression spread all over, the Chinese people, like many others, are being forced into the unemployment camps. They cannot find employment enough to enable them to

live. Under these conditions they cannot avoid going to the "ghost land", because it is better than starving. However, the superstitious ideas still stay in the minds of some of the old people.

As we mentioned above, the Chinese canning factories are owned or controlled by the Chinese tong organizations. Every Chinese worker who wants to go to work in Alaska must go thru the agencies of these tongs. They are the Annap tong leaders and rich merchants in Chinatown. It is not so easy for a Chinese worker to go to work in Alaska. The reasons are: first you must be recommended by their friends; second you must have a known person or store to guarantee your work and activities; third you must have experience. But the tong men are all accepted.

There are two kinds of work. One is for three months; the other is for six months. The latter is always cheaper in salary. Before he goes to work, every worker must sign a contract with the Chinese boss. In this contract, in addition to statement of salary and working hours, it is stated that anyone who is absent from regular work, regardless of reason, must be fined five dollars a day, with salary abolished. Also it is stated that the boss will not be responsible for any accidents that might happen in the camp or in the factories or on the ships.

The workers receive their salaries when they finish their three months or six months of work. They earn about one hundred and twenty-five dollars for three months, or two hundred and fifty dollars for six months.

The Alaska Chinese cannery workers are usually worked ten hours a day, but the extra work they are paid fifty cents an hour for. They start to work at three in the morning and work until six at night. They sleep in wooden beds with only three meals a day. Because of the signed contract, many workers must work when they are sick. There is no medical care, therefore the workers always say, "Take care of yourself. Sickness in Alaska means death".

The Alaska Chinese cannery workers are unorganized. A few years ago they started a struggle in some camps for better conditions but the struggle was not carried on effectively. There was an Alaska cannery workers' union established this year and the Chinese workers have been forced to join. If the Chinese workers are conscious enough to join hands with the others, it certainly will be a great change for them in the future.

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c Education - Chinese Language
Schools
4 pp. and Bibliography

Chinese Language School in Chinatown

The Chinese people in the United State of America consider their own Chinese language as important as the English language. They feel that if the younger generation without the learning of the Chinese language is lost from the fatherland, China. They anticipate that the understanding of the Chinese language by the younger generation will make a better citizen and will enable the youth comprehend the Chinese custom.

Consequently in the Chinatown, there are ten denominational Chinese Language Schools and several private schools operated and taught by individuals. Of these ten denominational schools, five with 803 enrollment are controlled by the Protestant, one with 250 enrollment is controlled by the Catholic, and four with 795 enrollment are controlled

by the political and feudalist groups. The approximate enrollment in the private schools is two hundred pupils. The tuition fee of these denominational schools and private school is from \$1.00 to \$1.75 a month. Of the 3072 Chinese in San Francisco between the age of 6 and 21 years of which total 60% or 1748 pupils are attending these Chinese schools. The attending hours are mostly from 5 p.m. to 8 p.m.

Before the depression there was a greater number of attendance. Many boys and girls over the age of 15 are attending these schools. They were active and conscious of the political movement in China by making speeches on the street corner, by parading in Chinatown and by dramatizing in the Chinese theatre.

At present there are few with the age over 15 attending the Chinese Schools.

Chinese boys and girls do not really learn

because many boys and girls have to
 work after English School. Those that
 do not work cannot afford to pay the
 tuition fee. These students are very
 inactive concerning the political movement
 in China or in America. There are
 of course many reasons; in the first
 place the boys and girls are very young,
 therefore they haven't the initiative
 to lead themselves; in the second place
 the student movement have been suppressed
 by the teachers and faculties because
 they don't want the students to be conscious
 of the political movement confronting the
 present day world; and in the third place
 four schools are denominated by the
 political (such as Kuomintang and the conservative
 parties) and the feudalalist groups (such as
 the Family and District associations). Naturally
 the denominating groups are firm to set

the students back from any movement which they wish to participate. While six are denominated by the churches they too do not wish to elevate the thought of the students except trying to persuade the younger generation to become Christian.

After spending all morning and all afternoon in the English Public School the Chinese boys and girls are really tired and like to rest; therefore many do not care to attend another school, but are forced by their parents. After the Chinese school, the students have no time to study both English and Chinese homework. Must choose to study the English homework because they feel English language is important to them.

Although the old folks mostly force the youth to attend the Chinese school, the Chinese boys and girls do not really learn

the Chinese language as much as they should. The Chinese language is a difficult language and the grammars of writing the Chinese characters is much difficult from the spoken language. With nine and ten hours of studying in both schools the students are actually over-work if they try to accomplish two languages at the same time at the age under 15 years.

Further some of the teachers of the Chinese School use the old method by using the bamboo sticks beating the head or body of the misbehavior students. This ill-treatment by the teacher do not improve or encourage the students to behave or to be interested in the Chinese School. In some schools there are no janitors, the students have to do the cleaning and sweeping of the school rooms; they even have to clean the

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lavatories. The lessons in most schools consist of Chinese History, Chinese Geography and Chinese Reading. In some schools character is heavily taught. Since the Chinese Government proclaimed that in order to maintain the Chinese morals, the old, ancient books should be taught to the children. To-day in Chinatown the four denominational schools controlled by the political and feudalist groups are teaching the ancient books, such as the "Four Books" "Historical Classic" etc. Which have no use for the present generation.

CHINESE LANGUAGE SCHOOLS IN CHINATOWN

The Chinese people in the United States of America consider their own Chinese language as important as the English language. They feel that if the younger generation has no knowledge of the Chinese language it is lost from the fatherland, China. They anticipate that the understanding of the Chinese language by the younger generation will make a better citizen and will enable the youth to comprehend the Chinese customs.

Consequently, in this Chinatown there are ten denominational Chinese Language Schools and several private schools operated and taught by individuals. Of these ten denominational schools, five (with an enrollment of eight hundred and three) are controlled by the Protestants; one (with an enrollment of two hundred and fifty) is controlled by the Catholics; and four (with an enrollment of seven hundred and ninety-five) are controlled by the political and feudalistic groups. The approximate enrollment in the private schools is two hundred pupils. The tuition fee of these denominational schools and private schools is from one dollar to one dollar and seventy-five cents a month. Of the three thousand and seventy-two Chinese in San Francisco between the ages of six and twenty-one years there are sixty per cent, or one thousand eight hundred and forty-eight pupils attending these Chinese schools. The hours are usually from five p.m. to eight p.m.

Before the depression there were greater numbers in attendance. Many boys and girls over the age of fifteen are attending these schools. They are active and conscious of the political movement in China; they make speeches on the street corners, parade in Chinatown, and dramatize in the Chinese theatre.

At present there are few over the age of fifteen who can attend the Chinese schools, because many boys and girls have to work after English school. Those that do not work cannot afford to pay the tuition fee. These students are very inactive regarding the political movement in China or in America. There are, of course, many reasons for this: in the first place the boys and girls are very young, and haven't the initiative to lead themselves; in the second place the student movements have been suppressed by the teachers and the faculty because they do not want the students to be conscious of the political issues confronting the present-day world; and in the third place four schools are dominated by the political groups (such as Kuomintang and the conservative parties) and the feudalistic groups (such as the Family and District Associations). Naturally the dominating groups are firm in their determination to keep the students from any movement in which they might wish to participate. Six of the schools are dominated by the

churches, and they too do not wish to elevate the thought of the students except in trying to persuade the younger generation to become Christian.

After spending all morning and all afternoon in the English Public Schools, the Chinese boys and girls are really tired and like to rest; therefore many do not care to attend another school, though some are forced to do so by their parents. After the Chinese school, the students have no time to study both English and Chinese homework. Most of them choose to study the English homework because they feel that the English language is important to them.

Although the old folks usually force the youth to attend the Chinese school, the Chinese boys and girls do not really learn the Chinese language as well as they should. The Chinese is a difficult language and the writing of the Chinese characters is much more difficult than the spoken language. With nine or ten hours of studying in both schools the students are actually over-worked if they try to perfect their knowledge of the two languages at the same time.

Furthermore, some of the teachers of the Chinese school use the old method of beating the head or body of the misbehaving students with a bamboo stick. This ill-treatment by the teacher does not improve or encourage the students to behave or to be interested in the Chinese school. In some schools

there are no janitors, and the students have to do the cleaning and sweeping of the school rooms; they even have to clean the lavatories. The lessons in most schools consist of Chinese history, geography and reading. In some schools abacus is being taught. Since the Chinese government proclaimed that in order to maintain the Chinese morals, the old ancient books should be taught to the children, time is given to this study also. Today in Chinatown the four schools controlled by the political and feudalistic groups are teaching the ancient books such as the "Four Books", "Historical Classics", etc. These have no use to the present generation.

C

M-2

Economic-Bombard
4 pp. ~~Photostat~~ Associations

1944

The Chinese Benevolent Associations

The immigration of the Chinese people to United States are mostly come from the different districts of Canton Province. All those who come from the same district, according to the ^{all} Chinese custom, are always feeling themselves as "same clan" brothers. The old generation usually teach their sons and daughters to be kind among their own groups, but on account of many contradictions in the economic field among themselves, this is nothing but a feudalistic idea. Therefore it has brought them into a turn to organize in order to protect the interests of their own groups. These forms of organizations are known in Chinatown to-day as the Benevolent Associations.

There are seven Benevolent Associations existing in Chinatown. Each one of them is representing a certain group of people who come from the same districts. They are:

1. Hong Kong Benevolent Association — representing the people of Hong Kong District.

2. Hong Chow Benevolent Association — representing the people of Hockshan and San Wai Districts.

3. Sam Yip Benevolent Association — representing the people of Poon Yee, Nam Hoy, Loon Dick and Far Yin Districts.

4. Sue Hing Benevolent Association — representing the people of Yen Ping, Hoy Ping, Yan Han, Honan, Kao Win, Young Chun, San Lui and Lui Hing Fo Districts.

5. Young Wo Benevolent Association — representing the people of Chungshan, Tarkun, Boklow and Tungking Districts.

6. Yan Wo Benevolent Association — representing the people of Bo On, Chumay and Tunggan Districts.

7. Hap Wo Benevolent Association — representing the people of Haggung, Foyshun and Yin Ping Districts.

More than ninety years ago, after the Chinese people of San Wai and Hockshan Districts immigrated to California, they began to form the Hong Chow Benevolent Association. It is the first Association of this kind established in United States. The Hap Wo convey a powerful power in America.

Benevolent Association was organized only in the late decade. Fifty years ago, there were eight Chinese benevolent associations, but later on one of them was abolished by their own groups and joined together with the other.

Among the Chinese Benevolent Associations, the Sue Hing and Hong Kong occupied a powerful position; because these two associations are representing a large portion of population and controlling a bigger business in Chinatown. Besides the Benevolent Association, there are many Family organizations established. The Family organizations are only representing a particular group who come from the same family. Together with the different Family organizations, therefore, a Benevolent Association was formed.

Every Benevolent Association consists a Director Board; in which the Chairman, Secretary and a Sergeant-at-arm are playing an important role. All these high officers are not elected by their members but recommended or appointed by its own control Family organizations.

The members have to pay a certain amount of money for yearly dues. Any one who has failed to do so must be collected two or three folds more when he next returns to China, or he will not be allowed to bury in the cemetery-ground of the Association unless he dies. But the women generations are excepted, because under the Chinese customs, they are lower-looking class and have no right to join together with men.

There is also a Chinese Consolidated Benevolent Association existing in Chinatown. It was organized by all the benevolent associations excepted Hop Wo, because Hop Wo did not come into charter roll when it was organized.

The Chinese Consolidated Benevolent Association suppose to be a leading body of the Chinese people in Chinatown. Its officers are elected by its joint associations. Each association chose its representatives to the regular conference of this organization.

It is true, the Chinese Consolidated Benevolent Association is not really representing the interest of the entire Chinese community. However, it still control a powerful position in Chinatown.

THE CHINESE BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATIONS

The immigration of the Chinese people to the United States comes chiefly from the different districts of Canton Province. All those who come from the same district, according to the old Chinese custom, are considered as brothers in the "same clan". The older generation usually teaches the sons and daughters to be kind to each other within their own group, but because of the many contradictions in the economic field within these groups, such teaching is but the remnant of a feudalistic ideal. But it has brought about an attempt to organize themselves in order to protect the interests of their own group. Such organizations are known in Chinatown today as the Benevolent Associations.

There are seven benevolent associations existing in Chinatown. Each one of them represents a certain group of people who come from the same district. They are:

1. Ning Young Benevolent Association, representing the people of Hoyshan District.
2. Kong Chow Benevolent Association, representing the people of Hockshan and San Wai Districts.
3. Sam Yip Benevolent Association, representing the people of Poon Yee, Nam Hoy, Soon Dick and Far Yin Districts.
4. Sue Hing Benevolent Association, representing the people of Yin Ping, Hoy Ping, Yan Kan, Honon, Kao

Min, Young Chun, San Sai and Sai Hing Ho Districts.

5. Young Ho Benevolent Association, representing the people of Haying, Loyshun, Tunkan, Bokklow and Tung-sing Districts.
6. Yan Ho Benevolent Association, representing the people of So On, Chamay and Tunggan Districts.
7. Hop Ho Benevolent Association, representing the people of Haying, Loyshun and Yin Hing Districts.

More than ninety years ago, after the Chinese people of San Sai and Hockshan Districts immigrated to California, they began to form the Hong Chow Benevolent Association. It was the first association of this kind established in the United States. The Hop Ho Benevolent Association was organized only in the last decade. Fifteen years ago there were eight Chinese Benevolent associations, but later on one of them merged with another.

Among the Chinese benevolent associations the Sue Hing and Ning Young occupy a powerful position because these two associations represent a large portion of the population and control a bigger business in Chinatown. Besides the benevolent associations there are established a great many family organizations. The family organizations represent only a particular group who come from the same family. Together with the different family organizations a benevolent association was

formed.

Every benevolent association consists of a Board of Directors, of which the Chairman, the Secretary and the Sergeant-at-Arms are the important positions. All these high officers are not elected by the members but are recommended or appointed by the controlling family organizations.

The members have to pay a certain amount of money for the yearly dues. Anyone who fails to pay these dues must pay two or three times more when he wishes to return to China; also, he will not be allowed to be buried in the cemetery ground of the association in case he dies here. The women, however, are excepted, since according to Chinese custom they are not allowed to join the organizations.

There is also a Chinese Consolidated Benevolent Association existing in Chinatown. It was organized by all the benevolent associations except Hop Wo; Hop Wo did not come into the charter roll when it was organized.

The Chinese Consolidated Benevolent Association is supposed to be a leading body of the Chinese people in Chinatown. Its officers are elected by the joint associations. Each association chooses its representatives to the regular conference of this organization.

The Chinese Consolidated Benevolent Association does not really represent the interest of the entire Chinese community.

However, it still controls a powerful position in Chinatown.

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C
Landon - Laundry Worker
3 p.m. Ben, Christian

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A GLANCE AT SOCIAL CONDITIONS OF ~~THE~~ CHINESE LAUNDRY WORKERS

According to the reports of some Chinese ben^evolent organizations, there are about sixty five Chinese laundries scattered all over the city of San Francisco. ^{According to} an estimation by the Chinese laundry workers' union, there are at least five hundred people, including men and women, ~~are~~ employed in this trade. ^{According to} a desire ^{for} economic betterment, the Chinese people ^{entered} ~~have already~~ started ~~their~~ business as early as before 1900. The workers in the laundry trade, mostly come from Sue Yip District, ~~because~~ they are skilled ^{particularly} in this work. ~~On account of~~ ^{Because} the racial discrimination, it ~~was~~ ^{is} necessary for the Chinese laundry owners to form an organization to protect their interests ^{seventy years ago}. Therefore Tung Hing tong was organized ~~and~~ still exists ~~in~~ Chinatown. However, the Chinese laundry workers are the ~~most~~ most exploited laboring class in the United States. They ~~work~~ working day and night with only a few hours for rest. Their salaries ^{scarcely} ~~can not~~ keep ~~their~~ ^{them} ~~lives~~ ~~existing~~. ^{From} ~~with~~ this point of view, ^{It is} naturally ~~that~~ trouble ~~is~~ growing between the owners and the workers. There is always a struggle with the interest of owners on one hand, and the interest of the workers on the other. Therefore, a Chinese Laundry workers Union ^{became} gradually organized ~~after~~. It is known as Sai Fook Chinese Laundry workers' Union. Since then, ^{organization} these two ~~pieces~~, Tung Hing Tong and Sai Fook Union ^{have been} are the main negotiation centers of the Chinese laundry owners and workers if any trouble ^{occurs} ~~happens~~. But unfortunately, Sai Fook Union was controlled by some businessmen during that time and ^{was} deeply influenced by feudalistic ideas, thus it can not firmly ^{their}



During

representing the interests of the Chinese laundry workers. ~~For more~~
~~then~~ ^{the} fifty years of its existence, this union has never been im-
proved the working conditions of ~~their~~ ^{its} members, ~~accepted~~ ^{but nevertheless has} collect ~~ed~~
dues from them.

~~As~~ ^{ob} the depression ^{With the} spreaded ^{after} 1929, the Chinese laundry workers
~~are~~ ^{no} undoubtly ~~striking~~ ^{their} into a more suffered ~~conditions~~ ^{from}. They ~~can not~~ ^{could}
stand ~~any longer~~ ^{that was} in this intolerable inhuman life. Probably they
realized ¹ it is the time for them to voice ~~out for a breath~~ ^{their feeling}, therefore,
with ~~the~~ ^{for} demand of better conditions, the Sai Fook Union was forced by
a group of progressive workers to call a city wide strike in the
year of 1930. It has written a brightest page in the history of
the Chinese labor movement in San Francisco. With no demands ~~was~~
^{granted} gained, the strike was settled after a month's struggle. The reasons
according to the reports ^{are} as following: 1. The leaders of the union
had no desire to strike. 2. They ~~were~~ ^{were} ~~disconnected~~ ^{isolated} ~~with~~ ^{from} the rest of
the Chinese workers, ^{and} especially ^{from} with the American workers. 3. Most
of the laundry workers ^{had} have a close relationship with the owners,
they ~~did not~~ ^a want to take firm step against them.

After the strike was over, Sai Fook Union ~~begin to~~ ^{became} disorganized,
because they ~~got~~ ^{longer enjoyed the} no ^{of} more confidence ~~from~~ ^{The union now} the workers. ~~It is now~~
existed with only ~~in~~ name.

The Chinese laundry workers generally working fourteen hours a
day. they started ~~to~~ work at eight in the morning ^{and continue} until ten o'clock
at night. Most places even working on Sunday and holidays. The
average salary ^{is} ~~was~~ about forty dollars a month with room and board
in the shop. Their living places are unsanitary, ^{with} four or five people
sleeping in a very small room inside the shop where no fresh air and
sunlights, ^{on the contrary living quarters are full of gas and steam} ~~contrary it is full with gas and steam and steam~~.

^{is} There ~~has~~ no modern equipment ^{and} used in the shops, ~~mostly they used~~
~~their hand~~ ^{are used} ~~to iron~~ instead of machines.

There is an apprentice system ~~existed~~ in the laundry shops.
Any one who wish to ^{be} employ ^{must} in the trade ~~had to~~ learn for six months.
During this period, the owners only pay twenty dollars a month or
one hundred twenty dollars ~~for~~ the whole term. Some people ~~even~~
take more than six months to learn this trade.

On the point of business competition, there ^{has} always existed a
prejudice against the Chinese laundries ^{on the part of} ~~by~~ the American laundry owners.
They try to ^{convince} ~~raise a sentiment among~~ the American people ~~said~~ that
the Chinese laundries are unsanitary. Such ~~x~~ prejudice will surely
~~be~~ ^{is} continue unless some kind of social work ~~are~~ done among them.

(Auto-biography of the Chinese laundry workers will be next)

Labore - Needle Trade
Jordan
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The Social Conditions of the Chinese Needle Trade Workers in Chinatown

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The Chinese immigrated to the United States as early as 1840. After the Opium War in China in 1842, a great number of Chinese people went ~~abroad~~^{road} in order to better their economic condition. They came mostly from the Canton Province, because they were the most exploited people ~~by the~~^{as a} result of the Opium War. United States is one of those countries which has the largest Chinese population outside of China. In San Francisco, according to the government's report, there were about 20,000 Chinese people ^{who} lived in Chinatown in the year of 1934. It is true that San Francisco ~~has~~^{is} the largest Chinese colony in the United States. Further, it is also the headquarters of all the different ^{Chinese} organizations.

While settling in the Western part of the United States, the Chinese immigrants ^{were} (mostly) came from the laboring class, ^{and} worked in the mines, on the farm and on the railroads. In the year of 1882, the Chinese Exclusion Act was passed, ⁱⁿ ~~which~~^{this} the American Government suspended ^{immigration of} all the Chinese people, including skilled and unskilled, for a period of ten years. In the year of 1904, there was a change ⁱⁿ the question of immigration ^{because} ~~on account of~~ the Chinese government refused to continue ~~the~~ Treaty of 1894. However, the ^{number of} Chinese people ^{who} immigrated to United States ~~was~~^{has} rapidly increased. For these reasons, the Chinese people ~~then~~^{begin} started to build up their business and industries in this country. They established restaurants and laundry shops. Now, in Chinatown, they have social centers, churches, schools, stores, hospital, theatres, industries and social organizations. It is a colony ~~that~~ completely representing ~~the~~ Chinese culture.

There are several trades which ^{are} conducted by the Chinese people in Chinatown. The most important trade is the needle industry. There are about fifty garment factories in Chinatown, which employ ~~more~~ ^{although} more than a thousand workers, including men and women, about (75%) ~~are occupied by~~ woman workers. The Chinese needle trade shops are not as modern as the American shops. Most of them are sweat shops. Some of the shops are located in ~~the~~ basements, some are located on main floor and second floors. Most of these shops are unsanitary; there ~~is~~ ^{are} no fresh air, sun-light nor heat. The average number of workers in a shop is about fifteen to twenty; some of the biggest shops employ forty to fifty workers. There are several kinds of needle shops in Chinatown, some ~~make~~ ^{produce} regular ladies' cotton garments, ~~others make~~ ^{others make} overalls, and some, ~~within~~ ^{employ} silk blouses. The first kind ~~employed~~ ^{employed} the most workers.

Chung Hing Factory is the largest shop in Chinatown. It is owned by a rich Chinese merchant, Joe Shong (national Dollar Store). There are about two hundred workers employed in this shop, ~~with no exceptions~~ ^{and} the women workers are in majority. Three years ago, before the N.R.A. was ⁱⁿ operation, there were about ~~a~~ ¹ hundred workers working at home. It is ~~inconvenience~~ ^{inconvenience} for them to go to work in the shop because they have children to take care of at home. The home workers received less wages than the shop workers. ~~But the~~ ^{Now, however,} home workers are now prohibited by law.

The Chinese needle trade workers ~~worked~~ ^{put} in a longer hours, especially during the rush season, before the N.R.A. ~~went~~ ^{went} into operation. They worked from eight in the morning

until ten at night. Most of the Chinese needle trade shops are ~~run by~~ ^{run by} the American bosses. Therefore, the Chinese shop owners are the contractors. The needle workers are ~~engaged~~ ^{engaged} ~~working~~ on a "piece work" system. They earn their wages according to ~~the number of~~ ^{the number of} pieces of garments they ~~have~~ ^{are} ~~able to~~ ^{able to} make. Ever since the depression, a skilled worker can earn about \$10 a week and only \$5 ^{is made by} ~~for~~ the unskilled. ~~Out of~~ these earnings, most of them have to support their families. The over-all workers ~~are~~ suffer the most. Generally, they earn about \$20 per month, ~~and~~ some of the unskilled workers earn about \$10. In the over-all shops, the workers have to furnish their own machines and other supplies; they also pay a certain amount for electricity and other shop expenditures. The owners only ~~furnish~~ ^{supply} them a place to work. An apprentice system still exists ~~in~~ in over-all shops. Any one who wishes to be employed in the trade has to learn for a period of six months. During this period, twenty percent of his salary ~~is~~ ^{is} put in deposits for security; if he quits the shop within this period, his money is not returned.

The N. R. A. did not improve the working conditions of the needle trade industries, ~~except~~ ^{further} ~~than~~ changing of the working hours from 12 to 7 hours.

Because of the lower standard of living, the housing conditions of the needle trade workers are also intolerable. In a tenement house where 660 families consisting of 3240 persons and 2877 single men live; there are only 617 public lavatories, 304 community kitchens, 434 kitchens in their room, 51 public baths, 147 private lavatories, 362 private kitchens and 36 ~~public~~ private baths. Because of the over crowded

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population the rents are very high. There are many needle trade workers ~~were~~ forced to accept ~~a~~ relief ~~x~~ because their jobs can't keep ~~them~~ ~~alive~~ ~~x~~ ~~exist~~.

The Chinese needle trade workers are unorganized. They ~~have~~ not any form of organization ~~for~~ ^{of} their own. The needle trade workers, especially the women workers, are mostly uneducated. They still ~~do~~ not realize how to solve their own problems, ~~however~~ ^{but}, there is now a change ~~in~~ ^{of dissatisfaction} in their position. They can not stand still when a strong wave ~~move to their head~~ ^{sweeps} them off their feet. 1

THE THREE SONS-IN-LAW

Once upon a time there was a man who had three sons-in-law. One of them was a robber, one was a merchant and the third was a school teacher. Now the wandering, unstable way of life pursued by the robber son-in-law was a constant source of worry to the father-in-law, so he decided to make one last effort to have him change it.

He prepared a great feast and invited the three men. While they were all there together he said to the robber, "Here is two hundred dollars, all I have in the world. I will put it under my bed. Now if, in three days, you can get the money without waking me up or having anybody know about it, I will give it to you, but only if you will promise to give up your present way of life and choose another."

After thinking about it, the robber agreed.

That night, thinking he had a perfect plan for keeping his two hundred dollars, the father put his faithful dog near his bed and the merchant son-in-law, who was a good fighter, in the same room. The teacher he sent to sleep with the robber in the attic. He planned with the merchant and the teacher that if either of them heard the dog bark, he was to get up and beat loudly on the gong at the head of the old man's bed. The robber son-in-law, of course, heard of the plan.

The first night the robber son-in-law thought and thought, but could not devise a plan to get the two hundred dollars. The second night he thought of one and decided to try it.

That night the robber tied a pig's foot to the end of a string and let it down slowly in front of the dog who reached for it. Slowly he moved the string along a crack away from the bed. The dog followed the moving pig's foot because he wanted it very much. Thus the first danger was surmounted. Next, the robber quietly carried the sleeping merchant up to the attic. The gong he replaced with a pail of water. Then he carefully lifted his father-in-law and got the coveted two hundred dollars.

Just then the dog, having finished the pig's foot, came running into his master's room barking loudly. The noise woke the merchant and the teacher. They rushed to the gong and began to pound on it. The heavy blows splashed water all over the sleeping father-in-law who now awoke demanding the cause of the noise and confusion. The dog was still barking and the merchant and teacher running about and yelling. When they lit the candle they saw the robber son-in-law sitting quietly in the middle of the room, grinning at everybody.

"Well, my father-in-law," he said to the wet old man, "you see I got the money."

The old man, the merchant and the teacher knew it was true and that there was nothing they could do about it. So they looked at each other and knew the robber son-in-law had made fools of them all.

THE LOUDEST DRUM IN THE WORLD

"This is a story about the loudest drum in the world," the narrator remarked, "and although the tale is a short one, it shows how far a person will go just to win an argument."

The story begins at a time in the distant past. It begins with two men talking to each other. The first man said, "I have heard a very remarkable tale about a drum which, when beaten, could be heard all over the entire world. The sound of this drum was so clear, so distinct, that no region, however remote, failed to hear its vibrant notes. Moreover, whenever this drum was beaten, all people, as well as all animals listened to it with awe and surprise, for its sound possessed a quality that no other drum possessed. The fame of the drum thus spread far and wide. No person or animal has the courage to make a sound while the awe-inspiring notes of the instrument still lingered in the air."

"I cannot believe such a tale as that," the second man insisted when his companion was finished. "It is so fantastic, so utterly unbelievable."

"Well," said the first man, "if you do not believe it, that is because you have not enough intelligence to recognize the truth when you hear it."

This angered the other one so greatly that he said, "Well, suppose I were to tell you a story about the loudest cow in the world, would you believe me?"

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about the incident. The teacher was then restored to his position
and pupils once again filled his school.

After that he saw to it that he always had two pairs of underpants.

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fool other people. But putting off the evil hour, he said, "I will see the man."

The eager farmer saw nothing out of the way in Chung's behavior, described the pig in great detail and paid a deposit for its return.

Chung, the gambler, decided to take another chance and as soon as the farmer was gone, hurried to the gambling hall. He was soon deep in a game with some robber friends. One of the robbers lost a great deal of money, but had none to pay his debt. He began to tell a story about a pig that he had stolen a few days ago. As Chung listened, he realized that the goddess of luck was with him once again, for here was the farmer's pig. He told the robber that he would take the pig for the debt.

So he returned the pig to the farmer, received his payment and enjoyed the joke he had played on everybody. His fame now spread even wider.

Now about this time the king lost his jade seal, his symbol of office from the emperor. Unless he could find it, his head would be cut off. He sent men here, there and everywhere, to look for it. One of these men heard of Chung, the man with the miraculous nose, and came to ask him to help the king. Chung was frightened almost to death, for he knew that he couldn't do anything of the kind. So he said, "I would like to help the king, but I am afraid I cannot."

His wife was furious at this, "Why, you, gifted with a miraculous nose! Your king asks and you will not help him! Shame on you!"

The king then sent a messenger with an order for Chung to come to court. Now Chung was so frightened that he forgot his ceremonial manners

and went right in before the king. Angrily the king asked, "Do you not know that when you appear before the king you should make three kow-tows and nine bows?"

"All right, if you don't want me and my help, now that I am here, I will go," answered the gambler and started to walk out.

The king realized that, manners or no manners, he must have the services of this man with the miraculous nose. So he called him back and proceeded to describe the missing jade seal. There were just forty days left in which it had to be found.

"I will try to find your jade seal, but I do not know how long it will take," answered Chung. Chung now was in real trouble. He could not smell lost articles and what other men had failed to find was hidden from him too. But every day he pretended to be very busy. In his room one day he said aloud to himself, "Chung, your end is near. You cannot fool people any longer."

The king's assistant was passing the door just then and heard the remark. Now the assistant's name was Chung also, and he had stolen the king's jade. Hearing the gambler he thought that his secret was discovered. So he went into the room and said, "I know you have smelled out the jade. I will return it to you, but please bury it and then pretend to find it. Don't tell anyone that I stole it. I will give you half my fortune for your silence."

Chung, the gambler, was amazed at this confession and did not understand what had caused it. But he was quick to take advantage of his good luck. "Yes, I smelled you long ago, but I waited to see what

you would do." He then hid the jade in a wine jug, buried it and said nothing. When questioned he would say simply that he was getting a faint odor. Then one day he asked for a group of men to go to the place where he had smelled the jade.

Reaching the spot where the jade was buried, Chung, with ostentatious sniffs and puffs, directed the men to dig. They dug deep and were ready to quit, but Chung said, "Keep digging, my nose tells me it is here." So they dug till the jug and the jade were uncovered.

The king was pleased. "You are indeed miraculous. Now suppose you smell the man who stole my seal."

Chung, the assistant, was weak with fright. But Chung, the gambler, said, "I smell lost articles; I do not smell men."

The gambler was dressed richly, set on a beautiful horse, provided with great riches and sent home to his wife in his home village, where feasts were held in his honor. Then he returned to the palace of the king and was honored as the man with the miraculous nose.

capacity as a peddler he moved about the country a little and discovered that new lands were opening up along the river not far from his native village and that labor was needed to till these new lands. So he hired himself out as a farm laborer. While working there he learned how to manufacture silk and saved enough money so that he could become a partner in a silk factory in the town near which he worked.

Because of his poverty he had not been able to marry at the usual age of eighteen to twenty but much later, so he adopted a young man of twenty, to help him. Later he had four sons and a daughter of his own. Father and adopted son worked hard for ten years. Business continued good and thus, after an absence of many years, he was able to return to his native village and start manufacturing silk there.

He had his weaknesses. One of them was a passion for gambling. On the other hand he was good at figures and kept his own accounts fairly well. Unfortunately he was illiterate and this put him at the mercy of all those who could read and write. Since he was engaged in an industry, and since all petitions to a magistrate had to be in writing, he was at a sore disadvantage. And so, with some misgivings, he decided to send one of his children to school so that



A Strange Man (Get another title)

He never sleeps on a bed. All he has to do is to sit on a chair, ~~and~~ put his head on the table and immediately he ~~will~~ falls asleep. He never eats at night on Friday. He buys new clothes only on the week before the New Year. He is too busy to get sick. He has never been sick as far as he ^{can} ~~could~~ remember. His age is sixty yet ^(he) looks ^(just) a little over forty. He possesses no gray hair. ~~He has a ruddy complexion~~ ^{He has a ruddy complexion}. He wears a peculiar kind of shoe without any strings or buttons; ^d drinks soup by the bowlful; ^{and cannot prepare} rarely eats American foods. ~~He could not make~~ a cup of coffee ~~for~~ himself.

It is a little hard to imagine that such a person could exist. But I can vouch for the truth of ^(his existence and the stories about him) ~~the story~~. When I first heard about ^{him} ~~this man~~ I did not quite believe some of the things ^(that he did) ~~that~~ I heard ~~about him~~. But I later found out that ^(he does) all of the queer and strange things ^{for attributed to him} ~~that~~ ^{this man does} is not because he is ^{somewhat demented,} ~~shall we say "screwed"~~ but because ^{they are habits he has} it is a habit in him and ^{acquired} and because he is ^{now} quite accustomed to them. ~~cause he has been used to doing them.~~

He is an old man with a youthful appearance. Despite his sixty years of life he ^(seems to be as healthy) ~~is as healthy~~ as a new-born babe. ^(when I saw him) There is nothing queer about him that stands out. I was quite disappointed. According to ^(all the amazing) the strange things that I heard about him I expected to find a sort of ^{queer-looking half-demented} ~~maniac~~ suffering from aberration of the ^{creature} mind. Instead, I just found a normal and common person with a little more intelligence than the average man. His shoulders were not bent and he walked ^(as) straight as a soldier. And he told some of

the most unusual stories that I ~~have~~ ever heard. He ^(seems quite) sincere ^{when he tells them and assured me again and again} in his telling, ~~informing me again and again~~ that they were true. "Tell me" - I asked him, "Is it true that you do ^{all these peculiar} many strange things ^{which are always poking fun at you?} so about that ~~people make fun of you all the time?~~" He is a very good natured fellow and never gets ^{angry if anyone teases} mad if ~~some one~~ ^{him} teases him.

"To me there is nothing ^{peculiar} strange in what I do. I got used to doing what people considered ~~as~~ strange. ^{a long time ago} It is simply a habit ^{to me they are simply habits.} with me."

Then I thought of

Immediately there came into my mind an incident that a friend told me about ^{him} this man. It seemed that whenever he washed his feet he ^{even} fell asleep. And if he ^{doesn't} did not fall ^(asleep) or move, he will remain in the same position for many hours. During the night he will ^{make} take a somersault and then wake up. ^{All this seems} That's incredible and ^{really} absolutely unbelievable but many people who knew ^{him} this man ^{have} told ^{of these facts} me this story over and over again. True, no one has ^{actually} seen ~~it~~ ^{him do these things} happen, but somehow or other they ~~leaked~~ ^(they are) leaked out and ~~it is~~ ^{it is} accented as true.

^(more on the feminine side)

Now this man is ^{a sort of a woman's man} a sort of a woman's man. By that I mean he acts and talks like a ^{woman} female. His hands are white ^{and} like a smooth ^{like a} lily, ^{without lines} ~~without lines~~ or roughness ^{in them}. ^{His} Talks with gestures ^{when} that ^(he talks are most entertaining) are very amusing to watch. ^(And he wears) He wears the funniest kind of shoes imaginable. ^{He} Buys them at a particular store, which ^(the only store) alone carries them. ^{They are made} The shoes are of black leather ^(and have a kind) with a sort of loop in the very back. ^(they are) It is just like a slipper ^(that their height) except it is high like a ^{is that of shoes. There are} shoe. No buttons or strings. To wear ^{them} it, all that ^{a person} the wearer has

to do is to catch hold of the loop ^{at} ~~up~~ the back and push the foot down. ~~Very very quaint.~~

~~When I first asked him to tell me the story of his life he protested but when I persisted, he consented.~~
I asked for a synopsis of his life story.

"There's nothing in my life that will interest anyone. I just lead an ordinary life."

(I made him tell about it despite his protest.)

"I have been in America for a long, long time. Over thirty years I should say. I have taken only one trip back, that is all. ^{Most} The majority of my time is spent in working. ^(once) I worked as a clerk ^(a store called) in The China Elite. ^(It no longer exists.) ^(once) The store is no more now. I had a wife and a daughter. They both died ten years ago. ^(have been living alone now) I live alone these many years."

"And because I live alone I have made more than enough for a living. ^(where I was last permanently employed) I left the store six years ago. I worked there for almost eight years. After many unsuccessful ventures the store was finally sold to another man. ^(new) and the owner hired all new ^{help} members and all ^{of} the old ^{workers} members were discharged.

"The ^{old} owner of the store, that is the old one, had not been able to ^{his} paying the workers their monthly wages regularly. Business ^{was} getting to be so poor that many ^(let us) knew that they ^(would soon) lose their jobs. In former years, during the Christmas holidays, the store had, at the very least, sold over the thousand dollar mark. During the bad years the Christmas holidays brought in just one fourth of the expected sales.

"The owners and the workers were especially hard-hit by the

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^{collapse of}
dreadful ~~change~~ ^{as} in business. The bosses ~~owed~~ money to every one
of ~~the~~ workers. Some of the workers ~~in the store~~ ^{but even} consented to
have their wages reduced. ~~Even~~ ^{se back} after that, the store could not
get along. I left the store with four months of back wages un-
paid. I have never gotten them ~~as yet~~.

"The ^{owners} ~~store~~ provided the evening meals ^{for} to the workers. Every
evening, after the store closed, which was around six, the ~~workers~~ ^{we would}
gathered at a dining place on ~~Eighth~~ ^X Street ~~for their meals~~. ^{However,}
Only the evening meals were provided. The men went home to eat
their lunch.

"Every Saturday evening there was special dinner. On that
night the men were treated to ^(special) ~~fancy~~ dishes and ^(to) wine."

^{When I asked him whether all the stories were}
"Do you deny any of the stories told about you?"
^{ment about him were true, he answered:}

"I am sure that all of the stories you heard are a little
exaggerated. But the truth is that I absolutely ^w ~~could not~~ ^(be able to) cook
^{any} ~~any~~ sort of ^{meal} ~~meal~~. Whenever I want a glass of chocolate or a cup
of coffee I have to ask someone else to ^(make it for me) ~~do it~~. It is not hard to
make a glass of chocolate or coffee, ^(I know that) ~~but~~ ^(I just) I could not do it. I
must have rice ^{at} in every one of my meals or I feel half starved.
It isn't that I do not like other foods, ^{but} it is because I ^w could not
feel full ^{if} when I ^(ate just) ~~eat~~ them. You doubtless ^(have) heard about me not eat-
ing on Friday evenings. The reason is that ^{is} ~~that~~ Every Friday I have a
shave. I feel very strange after shaving and I ^(cannot get to) ~~could not~~ pass
food through my mouth. ^{then} Try and imagine such a person if you can.

~~Here is another sideslant on him.~~

"After I left my last job I was unem-
ployed for a time. But this did not worry me
in the least."

^{had}
I ~~got~~ ^{enough} ^{saved} ~~to~~ to get along fairly well for a time. I work^{ed} in a little grocery store afterwards. I did not get very high wages^{there}, but it was enough for me."

"Did you work very long at it?"

^{I worked in this grocery store}
"About three years. I left ~~the job~~ because the owner sold the store ~~off~~. ^{His} ~~The owner~~ ^{had been} ~~had a son who was~~ sick for over three years, ^{and} during those three years, the mother spent her entire fortune trying to ^{have} ~~make~~ the boy ^{cured} ~~get well~~. ^{(However, he} ~~The son~~ was doomed from the very beginning ^{and finally} ~~he~~ died. When the business was offered for sale nobody wished to buy it. Finally the whole ^{stock} ~~amount~~ of goods was sold at a ridiculous price. And again I found myself unemployed."

"What are you doing now?"

^{Today (1935)}
"I am sewing buttons for a friend of mine ^{who} ~~He~~ owns a dress - making shop. ^{(It is a shop where} ~~This shop makes everyone~~ ^{are} ~~clothes~~ ^{they} made to order. ~~also~~ ^{make} women's and men's underwear and pajamas. ^(the country)

"Customers come from all over. They come from other cities and from small towns. Sometimes we trust them too much and they run away without paying the bills. Or else they pay a part of the bill and ~~the rest~~ ^{they} leave unpaid. When we write letters to them they do not answer. When we call on them they are usually not at home. And sometimes we spend much more money ^(trying) to collect a ^(debt of) much smaller amount. ^{And (this)} ~~It~~ all goes to prove that it is not easy to conduct a business these days. If we ^{id} do not sell on credit we ^{would} ~~will~~ not have many customers, ^(as you see) and if we do, ~~there are~~ all sorts of complications ^{arise}.

"~~Now~~ At the store right now there are many unpaid bills--
probably. ^{will} they will remain unpaid indefinitely. It ~~is~~ indeed ~~be~~
fortunate for us if we collect one half of ^{these} ~~our~~ bills. Right now
we are very careful to whom we are selling on credit. By ^{being} ~~this~~
~~method~~ ^{we hope we can} we are more careful ~~and we could~~ avoid many unpleasant
^{incidents} ~~circumstances.~~"

"What other work did you do?"

"I ^{have} never work ^{ed} at any job ^{which} that requires a great deal of
physical strength. ~~In the first place~~ I do not like that kind of
work. ^{most from I have always worked} ~~Outside of working as a clerk and other small jobs I can~~
~~or held jobs of that general kind.~~ say that I have not worked at any other kind of work."

"What are your plans for the future?"

"I am content as long as I have enough to eat and a place to
live. I don't care for travel very much. ^{However,} ~~Even if~~ I don't go back
to China to live, I ^(do) wish to take another trip ^(there) back just for a visit.
^{I have} ~~There are so many friends~~ ^(there) that I have not seen for so long.

"I have very few friends. I ^{prefer to} rather be alone than ~~to be~~ in a
crowd. ^(do not enjoy being in a) I cannot mingle with the crowd. It is not because I do
not like people but because I have ^{lived} ~~been~~ ^{now} alone ^(a time) for so long."

And surprise! surprise!

He never gambles and he actually does not know ho to play mah
jong.

So for an appropriate ending we simply say: "believe it or not."

(It is said that (the dark)

(has always)

He is afraid of darkness. Because of that he lived with a certain mother family. ^{ing} He rented a room in their house. (The members of

^{are} ~~was~~ always going to San Francisco during the holidays. And, so, whenever a holiday ^{comes} ~~came~~ along ^{no} every member of the family ^{is} ~~was~~ not

at home. In order, therefore, not to return to his room

and if the man returned home he will find the house

and find the house empty during these days, empty. ~~So~~ he stayed down at the store and ~~wrote~~ letters home to ^{write}

^{his} ~~the~~ friends in China. The family with whom he lived ~~went to the~~

(also go to the) ^{frequently} (on such occasions, when

theatres to see the stage shows. ~~and they do not~~ ^{comes} back un-

til one or two in the morning. ^{then} ~~So~~ the poor man stayed down at the

store until one or two in the morning.

^(has) ~~He~~ never smokes a cigarette or cigar in his life. ^{and he} Very rarely

He has never taken drinks wine. Does not take a bath in a tub. Goodness knows how

keeps himself he ~~cleans~~ himself or ~~uncleans~~ himself. He wears long woolen union

shirts. ^{and} Throws them away when the New Year comes. Then he buys

new ones. ^(He) ~~Has~~ ^(with excellent vision yet he) very strong eyes ~~but~~ always reads with a magnifying

glass. ^(when he) ~~Drinks~~ ^{one gets} soup ~~but~~ gives the impression ^(that he is) of playing a musical instrument.

On rainy days he runs across the streets pulling up his trousers for fear that they will get wet. ^{He.} Just loves to talk politics and knows the most hair-raising collection of ghost stories

(I have ever) ~~imaginable~~ heard.

But enough nonsense for the while. Let us continue with his life.

"What did you do after you quit your job?"

^{He.} "I was unemployed for the while. It did not worry me a bit.

And one last detail. He never gambles. He does not even know how to play mah-jong!

C

Any

8 pps. ~~Experiments~~

Center

Antislavery



yes

XXXXIII

Mr. Ging, the third son of a wooden sign and stamp maker, was born in Canton, China in 1877. He ^{was} ~~is~~ the favorite son of his father. [It was supposed that] on the day of his birth his father received an order for twenty-five signs on one day. He had never received that many signs in one single order or separate orders before. In fact, the money earned from this unusual order was sufficient to keep his father from worrying about where he would get the money for celebrating the birth of Mr. Ging and took care of other incidental expenses for the months to come. Of course, the father was not at all rich, and the birth of Mr. Ging was believed to have brought luck to his father. Such beliefs prevail among other nationalities as well as Chinese people.

As an infant, he was well taken care of. He might have been called a "spoiled child" for he demanded too much attention. A servant known as "seye p'or" (an all-around servant, usually an elderly woman) and a "n'igh ma" (a nurse-maid) were hired to take care of him and to nurse him. The latter's duty was to see that he was well-fed, and looked after. Her qualifications had to be acceptable to the letter. The most important things in which she must qualify were her health and honesty. The character of a child would be influenced by his environment, and in this case, his character

